

## You and I both

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## You and I both

by [winterlighting](#)

### Summary

“Okay,” Clay mumbled, trying to sound as casual as possible. “I won’t hang up ever again then, and I’ll just jerk off on the phone.”

It was a joke, really, nothing but light teasing to get George to shut up. Joke that apparently had worked, his friend staying quiet for a couple of seconds. And he had expected to hear a huff that mimicked his own, or some kind of half-thought response with a flustered tone. But once again, when the brunet finally spoke, that’s not what he received.

“Sure.” British accent was heavier than usual. “Okay.”

“I’m serious, George,” he declared, with a certainty that was only for the show. “I’ll do it.”

“Okay.” the boy said back right away. “You can, I don’t care. I don’t mind whatever you do, just don’t hang up.”

The ball was back on his side.

He opened his mouth to talk, then closed it again, unsure why those words made his stomach twist the way it did, or what the weird sensation even meant.

“Okay. But you can’t hang up for that either.”

“Fine.”

And then, they were silent.

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Or Dream and George make a pact so their phone calls can last longer, but there might be more to it than just clinginess and convenience.

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As many things in their lives, it all started as a lighthearted joke. It was words without weight, just another stupid thing that they said because the context made it funny.

That's what he thought at first, anyways. That's what he meant to do when he said them.

After three days straight on the same phone call, postponing work and other responsibilities, he had gotten a bit stressed over the pile of things that he needed to take care of. So, as he did every time that he found himself in that situation, he had announced with a yawn that it was his time to go. And, just as it usually happened in that situation, he had expected his best friend to complain about it, be a little whiny and beg him to stay for just a little longer.

He had expected nothing but some playful argument that might keep him in the call for a bit longer, before finally putting an end to it after so he could do what he needed. When George spoke, however, that wasn't what came out of his mouth.

"Are you hanging up to jerk off?"

Clay almost choked with his own spit.

That was *far* from what he had been expecting to hear.

A dark red shade adorned his cheeks right away, sputtering at the unexpected sentence as he blinked in confusion.

"*What?*"

Making those kinds of comments wasn't anything weird between them. More often than not, dirty words were exchanged in contexts that probably didn't need them. But this time, the question came so unexpectedly that he couldn't figure out what had prompted the brunet to say it at all.

He blinked once, then twice.

"George, what the-"

"You *are*, aren't you?" The Brit teased right away, an amused chuckle following his sentence. "Oh my god, you are."

"*No*," he was quick to say, shaking his head to himself. "That's not why-"

"Why else would you want to hang up?" The older one interrupted, as if his question made complete sense and the blond was the one saying dumb and weird things.

"Because I have stuff to do-"

"It's like- It's like the other week," the boy cut him off again, before he could even try to defend himself or ask anything else. "When you left for like thirty minutes out of nowhere because you had 'stuff to do' and then called me back again like nothing." George let out another chuckle, and he could almost hear the smirk on his face. "It was *so* obvious."

Blood rushed to his cheeks a little too fast, an embarrassed huff escaping his lips as he looked away. Not like his friend could even see him, not like his facial expressions were nothing but a mystery. The American shifted in his seat, a hint of shame filling him slowly.

Okay, maybe the Brit wasn't wrong about that one time. Maybe he had a slip in his judgment and wrongly believed that he wouldn't get caught if he left just for a couple minutes to relieve some stress out of his body. To be fair, he had no reason to suspect the boy would ever realize that's why he needed time alone. Because in all honesty, how the fuck did he even get to that conclusion?

He shook his head, trying to push his embarrassment away and regain his composure.

Whatever, fine. If George wanted to make him flustered by bringing up things that *he wasn't supposed to know*, he would make him flustered by being just as shameless. Two could play that game. The brunet wasn't the only one who could say awkward things and get the other to be blushing to simple words.

"Okay," he mumbled, sighing as he leaned into his chair, trying to sound as casual as possible. "I won't hang up ever again then, and I'll just jerk off on the phone."

The line went completely silent, no sounds coming from his phone. Clay grinned to himself, feeling accomplished, victory all too sweet and addictive.

It was a joke, really, nothing but light teasing to get his friend to shut up. Joke that apparently had worked, the boy staying quiet for a couple of seconds. And he had expected to hear a huff that mimicked his own, or some kind of half thought response with a flustered tone. But once again, when the brunet finally spoke, that's not what he received.

"Sure." British accent was heavier than usual. "Okay."

The American was the quiet one now.

He let out an awkward laugh just a second later, not wanting to seem too taken back and lose the bit as a result, shifting on his seat again to try and get comfortable as he mentally prepared to push his threat further. Because that's how they always did it. That's how their jokes were. They would continue to step it up and push each other until one of them gave up, or both of them began to laugh at the absurdity of what they were doing.

He took a deep breath, then moved closer to the mic.

"I'm serious, George," he declared, with a certainty that was only for the show but he didn't actually feel. "I'll do it."

"Okay," the boy said back right away. "You can" he added then, as his voice didn't sound any less secure than his own. "I don't care. I don't mind whatever you do, just don't hang up."

The ball was back on his side.

Clay opened his mouth to talk, then closed it again, unsure why those words made his stomach twist the way it did, or what the weird sensation even meant.

"Okay" was all he could say in response. "But you can't hang up for that either."

"Fine."

And then, they were silent.

There was something about the serious tone, something about the lack of giggles or flustered sounds, that made him feel too uneasy. So he let out a chuckle, one that he hoped didn't sound too nervous, followed by a familiar 'you're such an idiot' to lighten the mood. He changed the topic right after, deciding to stay on the phone for just a few more minutes after all.

Obviously, no dirty actions followed the empty agreements, simply talking like they were before the whole scene like it never happened in the first place. Because doing *that* wasn't something he needed to do, and it's not something he was planning on doing on call, ever, anyways.

It was just a joke, that's how he meant it. Something they could laugh about later on, or maybe never mention again.

To be honest, he kind of expected the latest. Most of their jokes were soon forgotten, after all.

In the end, a few minutes turned into a few hours, and he stayed on the call as the boy wanted him to. They talked until the brunet grew too tired to keep going, and headed to bed with his phone still with him. Light breathing filled his ears next, and he listened as his friend slept like he had done many times before. But even then, he didn't hang up, simply muting himself to work on what he needed.

Some people would call him a simp for that, but that's not why he decided to stay. It would be pretty shitty to wake up and realize the call was over, he figured. And that's all the logic he needed to keep himself there. Well. That, and the fact that he didn't truly want to leave either.

Maybe, just maybe, they had gotten a little too clingy lately.

It was fair to say that his relationship with the brunet had always been a really close one, and they were known for spending just a little too much time together and gate-keep the other's company. However, all those accusations, although truthful, couldn't be compared to how they had been acting the past few weeks.

Ending phone calls had become increasingly harder, and the more time that passed, the bigger the urge to keep each other around was. And he could pretend he didn't notice it, he could pretend he didn't know why it was either. But despite not discussing it out loud, he knew both of them were aware of it all.

There was something about waiting, something about knowing that what they were craving for was so close yet not close enough, that had them constantly on edge. Sometimes it felt like they had been waiting forever, sometimes it felt like the day would never come.

They couldn't lose hope, they knew better than that. But knowing the best outcome would happen didn't make waiting any less painful. So while they tried to do their best to get going, while they tried to ignore the ache in their chests for not being able to see each other just yet, they kept their voices around for as long as they could.

They didn't talk about it, they didn't mention it. There was no need to. And even if the other was asleep, knowing they were there was enough to feel at peace.

George always made him feel at ease.

At some point of the night, Clay grew too tired to keep working, and so eventually, he joined his best friend and went to sleep too. Then with a new day, a new banter started. And the events and bits of the previous afternoon were soon left behind.

It wasn't fully forgotten, though, not like he thought it would. Every once in a while, the silly

agreement was brought up to make fun of each other. Every time they spent long periods of time on the phone then suddenly needed to hang up, or every time one of them sighed in a slightly softer tone, or groaned just a little too loud. A teasing 'so, what are you doing?' would be mumbled, or any other kind of innuendo that hinted to that conversation.

Mostly George. The brunet was mostly the one to blame for bringing up the joke. But he couldn't deny he would indulge and mention it too, here and there.

But outside that, they pretty much moved on. Because it was words without weight, just another stupid thing they said because the context made it funny. Or so it was at first. Or so it was for a few weeks. Until Clay found himself cussing under his breath, resisting the urge to shut his computer off out of rage and give up on the stupid video he was trying to edit.

He was in a shit mood. He had been in a shit mood all day because he was stressed with work, frustrated with the lack of good news, and life simply fucking sucked. He had been in a shit mood for a couple days actually, and it had increasingly gotten worse to the point other people had been noticing too; and the 'moody Dream' jokes were only pissing him off more.

He had been in a shit mood for a while, and his body was tense and he was unable to relax.

It took him a moment to realize, it took him a moment to even think about it. But when shifting on his spot in an abrupt movement, to try and get more comfortable, caused some unexpectedly pleasant friction, it finally clicked. He was frustrated in more than just one way.

He was pent up.

He couldn't remember the last time he had tried to... Get some physical relief. And that, that tiny little fact, probably wasn't helping his mental state either.

He felt on edge, emotions on his skin and body ready to react. And the longer he spent without doing something about it the more things would pile up, and he would end up exploding for no reason. The only problem was, he was once again on a days-lasting phone call.

This time, though, he knew he had to leave. He seriously, truly needed some alone time. The idea of doing so for such a stupid reason made him feel weirdly guilty, but he didn't have much alternative if he wanted to feel less tense and upset. He sighed, massaging his temple with his thumbs as he tried to relax unsuccessfully.

Yeah, it really was time to hang up.

"George," the blond let out, voice a little too tired. "I'm gonna hang up."

The typing on the other side of the line suddenly stopped. He could almost see the boy turning around to look at him, despite not being in the same room.

"Why?"

"I have things to do."

He usually didn't like lying to his friend, and whenever he did, he usually thought of better excuses, more detailed or at least not as vague. But he didn't have the brain for that at the moment, he couldn't really think clearly.

The Brit was quiet for a moment. The American felt stared at through the phone. Anxiety pooled in his stomach, suddenly feeling exposed.

Maybe there was something incriminatory in his tone. Maybe the brunet knew him a little too well. When the Brit spoke again, it was more than clear that he had been caught again.

“Are you gonna come back in half an hour?” The boy questioned, and Clay could feel his face heating up at the reference and the implications behind it.

He knew. George knew what his intentions were. How on earth he knew that, it was beyond him. But apparently, he was easier to read than he originally thought. The blond groaned with frustration, covering his face with his hands.

“Shut up,” he whined, words and tone completely unhelpful if he wanted to deny the accusations. He didn’t think there was anything he could say to deny them, the boy probably wouldn’t believe him no matter what excuse or dumb explanation he tried to pull.

The brunet huffed to his words, sounding weirdly annoyed for some reason, even a little offended, before he started typing again. And then, it happened. The beginning of his downfall.

“I told you I didn’t care, if you did that here,” his friend let out, weightless words suddenly getting heavier. “I don’t want you to leave. Just stay.”

For a moment, the American had no idea what the Brit meant. But once it clicked, it was way too clear, all too present. Just like that, all his focus was on the phone call again.

“What?”

“You can do it if you need to, just don’t hang up,” his friend repeated. But hearing him a second time didn’t make it any easier to process.

Clay opened his mouth to talk, then closed it right away. A weird sensation pooled in his stomach, something similar to nervousness and anticipation, but that he couldn’t fully put a name to. He wasn’t sure he wanted to try and figure out the name. His mouth felt dry, his skin felt warm.

For a moment, he was silent. The words kept running through his head; too loud for his own liking and the gained weight too difficult to handle. The casual tone, the easy way he was able to say it, how uninterested he sounded suggesting such a thing. As if it meant nothing, as if truly it wouldn’t be a big deal.

... Would it be a big deal?

They did everything else together. They spent *days* on the phone, doing *everything* they needed to do, while the other listened. They stayed on call while they slept, while they ate, while they showered or bathed. They didn’t even mute nor leave the phone in another room every time they went to pee. Hell, they’ve even held conversations while taking a shit. They invaded each other’s privacy in *many* ways already.

But... But this was different, wasn’t it? This was a different kind of privacy.

... Well, technically they had watched porn together already. So it wasn’t like they hadn’t invaded *that* kind of privacy before either. And he was pretty sure they had casually mentioned morning wood to each other at some point too, after so many nights sleeping together.

Green eyes suddenly widened, horror invading him as realization hit him. Shit. He was actually considering it.

Clay shook his head right away, as if to tell the thoughts to go away, and let out a frustrated sigh.

Nope, he wasn't going there. He wasn't going to allow his mind to go there.

He was just, too tired, exhaustion and pre-existent arousal preventing him from thinking straight. He needed to focus again, ground himself. George probably wasn't even serious. He was probably expecting him to push back, like they always did. He was probably supposed to try to make him flustered back, like they always did. So, he tried.

"Would *you* stay?" The blond questioned, voice sounding even more tired. "You know, if you were the one that..."

He let the words fade away, not finishing his sentence. He knew he didn't have to, his words were enough to try to prove his point and possibly embarrass his friend in the process. However, and once again, his expectations weren't met.

George's reaction was anything but what he expected.

"Yeah," the brunet simply said. And Clay felt all fuzzy inside.

The warmth pooling on his lower abdomen was impossible to ignore. He felt lightheaded. His dick wasn't as soft as it was supposed to be.

The blond swallowed hard, running his fingers through sweaty hair as he let out a shaky sigh. And it was supposed to be a simple joke, that's how he meant it the first time. But it didn't feel like one, not anymore. At the end, he simply laughed. He took a second to clear his head, to push unholy thoughts away, and chuckled at the best of his ability.

And maybe the sound was a little forced, but if his friend noticed, he was kind enough not to say it.

He averted the conversation, changed the topic. He didn't leave the call, but didn't do what he was told to either. Instead, he stayed on the call and waited for a couple hours. He waited until soft breathing indicated the Brit was deeply asleep, before muting himself and going to his bathroom. He was hard the moment his fingers ran through his clothed bulge, and he was panting and groaning the second he wrapped his hand around himself.

It was almost embarrassing how fast he came, just a couple minutes later and with the thoughts of someone listening to him as he took care of himself never leaving his mind. Then he went back to his room soon after, and he tried to sleep with the guilty conscience of knowing he fantasized about things that shouldn't be half as appealing as they were.

As a new day came, though, he had managed to push all those thoughts aside, and he tried his best to continue with his day like nothing ever happened, forcing himself to forget. He tried his best again the next day, and then the next after that one as well, and so on and on.

For the most part, it worked.

He forgot about it whenever he was working, planning new videos or editing old ones. He forgot about it whenever he was streaming or joining other people's, focusing fully on the conversations or the games. He forgot about it whenever he was watching George in other people's stream, laughing at the stupid things he says. He forgot about it whenever he was spending time with Sapnap, doing things together in person or calling out of laziness. He forgot about it whenever he was on calls with his two best friends, or larger groups, either planning things or being silly.

But as soon as everyone else leaves and it's just George and him alone again, all thoughts come crashing down, and memories hang heavily in the air.



He isn't supposed to want it. He isn't supposed to crave it. Having permission doesn't mean he should go ahead with the offer. Yet for some reason, indulging and doing what should be completely off limits was all he could think of. Clay could be strong willed, even stubborn sometimes. But for George, he had always been weak.

And it wasn't like he wanted to do it *for* George, or *because* of the boy. It wasn't like the tempting part of jerking off while on a call was *who* he was on a call with. No, that wasn't it. But his friend had seemed so chill about it, he had seemed so okay with it, that he couldn't help but want to test if it was really as okay as he had made it look.

Clay tried his best to resist, to keep his curiosity at bay.

Eventually, he gave in.

It wasn't even a week later, during yet another never ending phone call. He was laying in bed, scrolling through twitter while he listened to his friend play some game, when he happened to stumble across a video that caught his attention. Two people kissing, with a little too much eagerness.

It was nothing more than merely suggestive, nothing that even affected him or caused him to react in any way, yet it was enough to bring back all the ideas he had been unsuccessfully trying to fight.

It had been over a week since the last time he pleased himself. He kind of felt like doing it again, to take some stress out. He kind of felt like doing it right that moment, without bothering to leave his room or his phone. He kind of felt like listening to the temptations, just that once.

... Fuck it.

Without thinking it twice, not wanting to give himself time to change his mind, the blond allowed one of his hands to slip inside his pants. Heart raced as his palm covered his dick over his underwear, half hard already with mere anticipation. Green eyes glanced at the phone by his pillow, making sure his wireless earphones were still connected and working before continuing.

It was so wrong, what he was about to do was so wrong. And so fucking exciting too.

He bit his lips, trying to keep his breath even as his fingers traced his growing bulge, then quietly palmed himself through his clothes. He needed to be as quiet as possible, he needed to keep his movements subtle. Even if he technically had permission, even if it wasn't technically forbidden. He didn't want to make it obvious for George, he didn't want to alert him and be called out on it. Although... He couldn't deny it made him curious, to think how his friend could react if he realized.

A part of him liked the idea of the brunet never noticing, he liked the idea of doing something so filthy like touching himself with the boy there, but him being clueless to the blond's actions. Another part liked the idea of the brunet realizing in the middle of it, and having to decide whether to interrupt or let him keep going.

Clay closed his eyes, taking a sharp breath before biting his lips a little harder. His hand slipped inside his underwear, tracing the shape of his hardening length before wrapping his fingers around it.

Fuck, that thought was hot. The whole thing was hot. He moved his hand fast, panting softly as he tried to keep all sounds to himself.

Would the Brit say something? Would he sit there and listen to him? Would he *join* him? If he failed at being silent, if the pleasure was too much and he got louder, if he was caught despite his efforts... What would George do, what would he say?

His heart raced even more, his thumb playing with his tip before squeezing himself, picking up his pace as he stroked himself harder. The phone was completely silent, no sounds coming from the other side. No sounds from the game, no background noises, no nothing.

Did that mean the boy stopped playing? Did that mean he was able to tell already? A part of him hoped so. Yet, still, he tried his best to be as quiet as he could, using his other hand to cover his mouth as pleased sighs threatened to escape his throat.

God, it felt so good. It felt better than the last few times he had touched himself. He could only stroke himself faster, hips thrusting into his own hand. He thrust again, and once more, and then, his hips were shuttering.

He bit the back of his hand harshly to stop himself from moaning, body trembling lightly as he came into his pants. He panted heavily yet quietly, painting his underwear white and still moving his hand as he rode his orgasm fully. After a couple of moments, he finally began to slow his movements, until they came to a full stop. And then, he stayed laying there, trying to catch his breath and calm the rhythm of his heart.

It took him a couple minutes to be able to react, pleasure flooding his body for longer than usual. He reached for some tissues on his nightstand, taking a moment to clean himself before deciding it would probably be better to change his clothes all together. One or two minutes later he finally came back to the bed, feeling as good as new and satisfaction still filling him. He got under his sheets, letting out a soft yawn as he got comfortable over his mattress.

“Are you going to sleep?” A voice suddenly asked him.

The silence being broken so abruptly almost made him jump, but he hummed in response only a couple seconds later. He could hear the game’s background music again now, and the clicking of the boy’s computer as well.

In a way, the fact that all sounds hadn’t come back until that moment felt like a confirmation. Like George had to know, and he had purposely stopped everything until he was sure Clay was done. In a way, it didn’t feel like confirmation enough. But he didn’t ask about it, and his friend didn’t make comments either.

Normality was back on. He was too tired to think much of it.

“You should sleep too,” he simply said, closing his eyes and shifting on his side.

“I will, soon.”

The blond hummed. That was good enough for now.

Temptation was a dangerous game. One too hard to win, one with too much at stake. You try to resist, and it haunts you, you give in and are forever doomed. So, you say *just once*, just to get it out of your system and to know how it feels before moving on. But once is never enough, so twice is quick to follow, and a third time too. You bite the apple, then sins run wild.

Fighting temptation was a losing game.

Clay had never liked losing. This time, though, he wasn't so upset about it.

In retrospect, he should have known what could happen. He should have known that one time wouldn't be enough, that he would enjoy it too much to ignore the craving for more. He knew himself well enough to know how insatiable he could get with the things he liked, almost obsessing over them, so he should have known *this* could end that way as well.

How thrilling the experience was, the intensity of the pleasure he felt, the weird excitement that the possibility of being caught gave him, and knowing who could be the one to catch him.

He thought about it a lot that next day, his feelings all over the place. There was a brief instant of guilt and even regret, before temptation was pushing at his limits again. He thought about it a lot the day after that one, and the next one as well. And he kept thinking about it until opportunity presented itself and he couldn't stop himself from slipping a hand inside his underwear and giving in for a second time. Then, a third.

It was almost embarrassing. He *should* be embarrassed. From being reluctant and not wanting to cross a line to feeling his pants get tighter whenever the thought crossed his mind. From talking big to follow the bit to biting his lips to keep himself quiet. Controlling his breathing with nothing but silence on the other line pushed him to the edge faster and more intensely than anything he's ever tried before.

It was almost embarrassing. He *should* be embarrassed. But he couldn't bring himself to stop. And it wasn't even his fault, not really. It had been George who suggested it. So could he really be blamed for taking his word?

He couldn't be blamed for wrapping his hand around himself for a fourth time either; for tightening his fingers around his hard length, stroking himself faster as the tip of his dick rubbed against the fabric of his underwear, trying his best to keep his sounds in. Or for thrusting into his hand, hips shuddering as he came, with the question of whether George knew what he was doing or not always present on his mind.

His chest moved heavily as he panted, nothing but pleasure filling his senses. He took a few seconds to regulate his breathing, his body still recovering from his orgasm and his mind feeling weirdly at peace. Normally, he would stay like that for a minute or two, laying in bed in comfortable silence as he fully came down his high before cleaning himself and waiting for his friend to talk again. This time, though, that wasn't how it went.

"You've been horny lately." The unexpected voice almost made him jump.

Clay froze on his spot, eyes instantly widening and heart rate picking up again as an incoherent sputter escaped his lips. Just like that, the peace was broken, a heavy sense of embarrassment hitting him right away and a little bit of guilt as well, knowing he had been caught.

Shit.

Well, that surely answered the question he had been having in mind all those times.

The blond opened his mouth to talk, but nothing came out. He didn't know what to say, he didn't know what to do. It felt like he was being called out, but at the same time, he could tell that wasn't what the boy was trying to do. He was simply pointing out a fact, it was simply a statement. It was both an admission of knowing what he was doing, and the acknowledgment of how often he had been doing it too.

He hadn't been as sneaky as he thought he was. George had been aware the whole time. And the brunet didn't find any better way to let him know than by saying *that*.

It was embarrassing, he felt embarrassed this time. Because going from ignoring the need to taking care of himself for a week or two at a time, to doing it four times in a week and a half, was something that said a lot about his needs, and his friend had caught up on that.

And he could try to excuse himself by saying that it was all because Sapnap wasn't home, since his roommate had moved out for the time being just after the first time that he had let himself indulge. He could blame his apparent higher libido on having more privacy to do what he normally didn't quite so often. However, he had a feeling that wouldn't work. He had a feeling George would silently question his words, or worse, would question them out loud.

He didn't want to have to admit that doing it on the phone turned him on more than he expected. He didn't want to have to admit that was the reason why his jerking off sessions had increased. He wasn't even doing it more than most people his age, but the difference from before was way too obvious to deny it.

God, he felt stupid and ashamed. It made him feel weirdly humiliated as well.

... And It made him feel weird in other ways, too.

There was an odd sensation in his stomach, a strange feeling of something he couldn't quite name but was similar to discomfort and disappointment, that he didn't know how to explain. It wasn't because George heard him doing something so intimate, or for failing at being quiet; he always knew it was possible to fail, and a part of him liked to think of that. No, that wasn't what made him feel weird. Or maybe, in a way, it was. But not because of the 'being heard' part of it.

The brunet had no reaction whatsoever to what he had listened to. Clay wasn't sure what kind of reaction he was expecting, really, yet it was weird to think that the boy had none. He didn't even make comments about it before, he didn't bring it up, he didn't act differently or weird or embarrassed after either time. He always stayed silent while the blond pleased himself, all background noises stopping as if he was paying attention to the American's actions. But that was it. No reaction came from it.

He wasn't being awkward about it now either, as if it was a completely normal thing that didn't affect the Brit in the slightest. For some reason, that made the blond kind of upset.

He shook his head, trying to get rid of his thoughts as he focused on the conversation again. He didn't want his friend to think he had made him flustered or something and win whatever bit he was probably trying to start.

"You haven't been horny enough," he decided to say, feeling like a good enough reply and a truthful fact to point out.

The boy huffed on the mic, and he could almost hear him roll his eyes.

"What's that supposed to mean?" His friend questioned.

"I don't know, George, when was the last time you jerked off?" The blond pressed, reaching for his tissues on his nightstand to clean himself as he waited for a response.

"You're an idiot," the brunet instantly let out. But when his words were met with nothing but silence, he groaned. "A couple days ago, I don't know. Why are you even--"

“So you didn’t want me to hang up but you’ve been doing it off call.” Clay figured, sounding almost upset as the weird feeling inside him grew bigger. He worked on removing his underwear then, deciding to simply put his pajama pants back on instead of looking for a new pair of boxers first. “That’s kind of sus.”

To that, the Brit huffed again.

“*Sus?* How is that sus?” The American hummed to his words, shrugging despite not being seen.

“You tell me,” he mumbled, shifting in his spot to get comfortable in bed again. “You ask me to stay but you don’t stay yourself,” he continued. “Like, if you wanted to just hear *me*, you could’ve *asked*.”

“I didn’t- You’re so dumb, that doesn’t-”

“I don’t know George,” the blond interrupted. “It just feels a little unfair”

For a moment, there was silence. The other side of the line went completely quiet, the truth held in his words effectively shutting his friend up. It wasn’t like he really minded, being the only one doing it, but in a way, he did. Because it hadn’t even been his idea, he wasn’t the one to suggest the agreement and they both had agreed to it. But as seconds kept passing and there was still no response, fear was quick to install in his stomach.

Maybe he pushed it too far, maybe he came off too defensive and made his friend uncomfortable. Maybe the brunet just wasn’t as comfortable being heard as he himself was, and he shouldn’t hold it against him if he didn’t follow through with their ‘pact’, regardless of the fact it was George who first brought it up.

He opened his mouth to talk, ready to apologize and dismiss the whole thing. But before he could, British accent filled his ear.

“Fine, I’ll do it on call next time,” the boy declared.

Clay blinked a few times, blood rushing to his cheeks and embarrassment threatening to appear again. He ignored it, though, trying to seem just as calm and certain as he was seconds ago.

“Fine,” he declared as well.

The feeling of uneasiness, though, and the fear that he might have put the brunet in an uncomfortable position that he didn’t want to be in, stayed with him for a little longer. But George talked to him like normal after that, a more casual conversation starting as soon as that topic was done. He didn’t sound mad, or upset, or uncomfortable, so it probably was okay. And he knew that the Brit never did anything he didn’t want to, and didn’t agree with anything that he truly wasn’t okay with... Or at least, that was how it was with everyone else. With him, though, he sometimes felt like it wasn’t completely the same.

Just like he went out of his way to do whatever his friend wanted him to, even if at first he had said no to it, the brunet was more willing to agree to what the blond suggested despite not being convinced to, just because Clay was the one asking him to. Still, neither of them would go as far as to break each other’s boundaries, so he trusted the boy would tell him if he had been too much.

And still, he didn’t expect him to actually go through with it. It was all another playful bit, after all. He didn’t even mean what he said, it was all half a joke and half being upset.

The rest of the night continued without any other mishaps, and soon enough, they had fallen asleep.

A new day started with them still on the phone, and continued the same way it always did. And so, the conversation of the night before was soon forgotten. Or at least, he pushed it to the back of his head assuming nothing would come from it. He could only be proven wrong about his expectations one too many times, right?

Well. Apparently he was wrong about that too.

Night came and things were normal, they stayed up until two in the morning of his time and then each of them got ready for bed. Clay returned to his computer once he was ready, deciding to work on editing a video for just a few more minutes, while he listened as his friend got on his mattress and got comfortable to sleep. However, the goodnights and following silence that he expected didn't come. Instead, shifting noises and weird movements were being heard.

At first, it was nothing worth paying too much attention to, he assumed that the boy was trying to find a comfortable position and there was nothing to it but that. So, he continued editing, humming to himself as he looked over all the clips he had. But then, a different noise took his focus off his work and put it into the phone call again, something that sounded a lot like rustling of clothes, and that made him furrow his brows.

That was weird.

Clay stopped typing on his keyboard, paying attention to what he was hearing to try and figure out what was going on. George was never this noisy when getting ready to sleep, and he was worrying that maybe he wasn't feeling okay. He was about to ask about it, when a soft sigh was let out into the mic.

The blond instantly froze in his spot, blood rushing to his cheeks all too quickly.

He went completely silent, focusing all his senses on the call to see if he could hear anything else. Almost as if to try and prove to himself that it had been his imagination, almost as if to try and prove to himself that the thought that had come to his mind had to be wrong. He waited, silently, not daring to move a single muscle. He heard more rustle on the other end, the sound of clothes being removed, and then, another sigh, and a particularly deep breath.

His body temperature raised right away, suddenly feeling incredibly warm.

Holy shit.

Holy shit it was happening. It was actually happening.

George had decided to prove just how true to his words he was.

In a blink of an eye he closed the program on his computer to put his full attention on the discord call. Not like he could possibly get distracted, not when he was taking a sharp breath of his own. He heard his friend's breathing get slightly heavier, and light sounds that he was barely able to perceive but were still very present; every single sigh he let out made his heart beat ten times faster. George's sounds were delicate and pretty, and they made his stomach twist.

The Brit wasn't loud by any means, he could tell that, just like him, his friend was trying to be as subtle and as quiet as possible. But unlike him, the brunet would still let out a few small noises here and there, as if staying quiet wasn't something easy for him. If he paid enough attention, he could even hear the faint sound of skin against skin. Learning that fact shouldn't be so exciting, but he felt a weird sense of pride in knowing that George had trouble keeping himself from moaning when he pleased himself.

Fuck, George was pleasing himself.

He was jerking off, on the phone, letting Clay hear him.

Clay felt like he was under a spell.

Every shift on his breathing, the muffled pleased sound that didn't quite leave his throat yet he could still tell he was trying to hold back. The somewhat wet sound that he could only take as George's hand moving up and down his leaking dick, and the quiet creaking of his bed that indicated his friend was most likely moving his hips and thrusting into his hand. He felt hot, all too hot. He felt the urge to tell the boy to be louder, to ask him to let him hear more. He felt the urge to tell him what to do, how to move, what to moan.

The blond took a sharp breath, clenching his fist by his sides. He shifted on his spot, his jeans suddenly feeling uncomfortably tight and his heart beating out of his chest. And George struggled more and more to keep quiet every second, a couple very faint moans resonating through the phone as the movement of his hand seemingly got faster. His breathing got faster too, more uneven, heavier every time he exhaled.

He was getting close. Clay could tell he was getting close. A few 'fuck's were whispered and his head was spinning as he tried to keep himself composed. Then, a louder sound came out. One that didn't last long, instantly being muffled by what he could assume was the boy's hand covering his own mouth. And the blond gripped at his own clothes, shifting on his spot again as he heard his best friend reach his orgasm.

All of the Brit's noises were over in an instant. The American felt his dick twitching in his pants.

He froze again.

Shit.

The blond instantly looked down at himself in horror, realization hitting him as he saw with widened eyes just how hard he had gotten and feeling the small wet spot already on his boxers.

He was hard. Hearing George made him hard. And even worse, he wanted more than anything to wrap a hand around his length and finish himself off too like the brunet just did.

But that was something way out of line, something that *crossed* a whole different line. It was way worse than simply listening to his best friend jerking off on the phone, and that could imply one too many things that shouldn't be implied in the relationship that they had. Because yeah, maybe it wasn't so different from listening to porn, so maybe in a way the reaction he had was normal. But for some reason, it didn't feel normal at all.

"Dream?" British accent took him out of his thoughts. George's voice sounded raspy and weak, his breathing still a bit faster than usual and a hint of tiredness in his tone.

A shiver ran down his spine as he heard him. That was his friend's voice right after he came.

The blond took a deep breath, hoping his own voice wouldn't sound wrecked or weird in any way from how turned on he was.

"Yeah?" He whispered. Quiet, faint, not trusting himself to be any louder than that. The brunet hummed on the phone, seemingly shifting on his spot.

"M sleepy now," the boy mumbled. And he sounded so soft, he sounded so *cute*. Like the effort he

put on pleasuring himself had completely exhausted him. It made Clay want to pull him into his arms, kiss his head and tell him how *good* he was at it, then cuddle him to sleep.

He shook his head right away, trying to get rid of those thoughts.

“You can- You can sleep, it’s okay,” he decided to say, clearing his throat right after to try to sound as normal as possible. “Clean yourself and get some rest.” But the moment those words left his mouth, he instantly regretted it. Panic was quick to invade him, realizing he had not only just *told him* what to do, but also *admitted* that he had been hearing him too.

That was too much. It had to be too much. This whole thing wasn’t supposed to be *that* interactive and it wasn’t his place to-

“Mkay,” George mumbled in response, cutting his thoughts off and stopping him from apologizing before he could even attempt to. Clay stayed quiet, listening as the brunet moved to reach for something then seemingly cleaned himself as he was told. “Thanks,” his friend added then, and blood instantly rushed to the blond’s cheeks.

Fuck. That felt a little too much like the Brit thanking him for giving him permission to sleep, thanking him for instructing him to do so. Fuck. A part of him wished that was exactly what it was. A part of him wished he had asked him for permission to cum too.

The American felt lightheaded, his throat was tight.

“Sleep well,” was the only thing he could say, hearing a quiet ‘you too’ in response.

Then, the call was silent.

Clay’s brain was loud.

He stared at his screen, barely daring to blink. He stared at discord’s icon, trying to focus on one thought at a time. Then, everything began to slowly make sense.

He knew why he had been so upset before. He knew why the lack of reaction had made him feel weird. Because yeah, listening to each other masturbating wasn’t so different from listening to porn. So reacting to it *should* be normal.

Here he was, getting all hot and bothered and fully hard over what the boy did to himself, now needing to touch himself to relieve the pressure inside his lower abdomen. Yet him doing the same actions hadn’t even made George feel awkward or flustered. He was completely normal afterwards. He didn’t seem phased at all.

And maybe he wasn’t sure before what kind of reaction he had been expecting, maybe in a way he hadn’t been expecting one consciously until he realized there was none, but now it clicked, and he knew what the answer to that was. He had expected the boy to react at least somewhat similarly to how he himself did. He was expecting to cause something at least remotely similar to what the brunet caused in him. Because if he was the only one reacting, then...

He shook his head.

It was normal to have a reaction. Sexual things were supposed to cause some sort of effect on people. Clay doing that *should* have some sort of effect on George. So why didn’t he? Why was his friend so chill with it?

It wasn’t even about him not enjoying it, because in all honesty, neither of them were supposed to;



that wasn't the point of their agreement, it was all out of convenience. It was about the fact that he didn't even *know* if the brunet didn't enjoy it, or if he didn't like it. His behavior was completely neutral to it, as if he couldn't care less about whatever the blond was doing, despite the Brit being the one to push him the American to do it in the first place.

That's what made him feel weird. That's what he didn't like about it. It didn't feel right that George had been so unbothered with the whole thing, and it especially didn't feel right *now*, that Clay had ended up hard and filled with lust when the roles were reversed.

Maybe he wasn't doing it right. Maybe he was being too *boring*. Maybe keeping himself so quiet had prevented his friend from hearing enough to have a reaction. Maybe he needed to step up his game, jerk off the way he would if he was completely alone, and let the boy listen to the real thing. Maybe then, George would be affected by it.

It was stupid, he was probably acting crazy. But Clay always liked to win, and this felt a little too much like losing.

He needed to do something about it. But first, he needed to take care of another more urgent issue.

The blond reached for his mouse, muting himself on the call before quickly unbuttoning his pants, pulling them down to his knees then pulling his leaking cock out of his boxers. A soft, relieved sigh escaped his lips as soon as his fingers wrapped around his dick, starting to move his hand right away. And it was wrong, and he shouldn't be doing that, not when George's cute little sounds were still too present in his mind. But right now, he couldn't bring himself to care. He needed to feel good, he could deal with guilt the next morning.

He worked on himself at a rather fast pace, quiet moans coming out of his mouth as he imagined that he was practicing for the show he would put out for his best friend.

If Clay had one big flaw, it was his ability to overthink.

Well, it wasn't his *only* big flaw; he was pretty sure that he could name at least five that were pointed out to him on a weekly basis; but it was one that could get really inconvenient sometimes. While playing games, when thinking of video ideas, after sending important messages, before special events. His mind could get really intense, making everything all too overwhelming. Especially when he mixed it with his insecurity. Then he could really get in his head *badly*.

For the past week, the blond had done nothing but overthink. The more time that passed, the more that he second guessed everything he felt so sure of that one night. The decision he made, the conviction he felt. Now he wasn't so certain anymore.

On one hand, it felt like maybe he was taking things in a completely different direction by wanting to do what he wanted to do. It was one thing to jerk off in a call so they wouldn't have to stop hanging out; something done out of convenience and clinginess; and it was another completely different one to purposely try to turn on your friend by jerking off.

Because yeah, 'any kind of reaction as long as he reacted' wasn't good enough anymore. The more he thought about it, the more he realized the only way he wouldn't feel weird about it was if George had the same reaction as his own. He needed him to *enjoy* it. And he needed him to enjoy it in the same way that he himself did.

That was exactly what was on the other hand. The knowledge that he *needed* to try and do it at

least once. Because right now, he was the creep that got hard by listening to his friend, and if he wanted to prove to himself that it was a completely natural response to hearing a sexual act, then he needed to turn the boy on with his sounds as well at least once.

He went back and forth between those two thoughts, multiple times a day, every day for that whole week. The fact that they had been kind of busy, and were unable to call for long, both helped and made it worse, saving him from his impulses yet giving him more time to reconsider everything and get even more unsure of what he wanted to do. So he kept going over it, over and over again, until he ran out of excuses to keep himself occupied and found himself on a call again.

And now, his brain was racing again with the same craving as that night.

He wanted to believe that if he let enough time pass, the urge would die down on its own and he could move on from it, but he knew himself well enough to know that wouldn't be the case. He knew that if he didn't indulge in his thoughts, the idea would continue to bombard his mind whenever he was alone with his friend.

Obsessing was too easy when what you're fixating on is related to what already is an object of your fascination.

There was no other choice. Unless he wanted his thoughts to literally consume him, he needed to turn his idea into actions. He needed to prove his point. Then, he would finally be able to calm down.

Clay took a deep breath, rubbing his eyes with his hands before putting his phone down. He slowly changed into his pajamas, then carefully got in bed and laid down as comfortably as he could, heart beating fast despite the calm atmosphere. He made sure his phone was still connected to his wireless earbuds, before focusing on the other end of line to try and guess what the Brit was doing.

He could tell he was on his computer, for all the clicking he could hear, but what he was clicking for was beyond him. He hadn't asked, it felt weird to ask now. They had been quiet for the past half an hour, from even before he announced he would go to bed soon; silence that clearly didn't help his overthinking at all. He stayed like that for a few moments, simply listening to the background noise, until every faint sound was louder than screams to him, and he couldn't take it anymore.

Fuck it. This was it. He needed to do it and this was the best moment to do so.

Without giving himself time to second guess his choices once again, the blond quickly lifted his hips, pulling his pajama pants down to his knees then placing a hand over his clothed, and still soft, dick. He closed his eyes, taking another deep breath, and allowed his mind to think of all the things he usually did when he wanted to turn himself on.

Memories of videos he had watched over and over were quick to fill his brain, images that he often purposely remembered. Two sweaty bodies moving together, faces with pleasure written all over, a fast pace and the perfect amount of roughness. Pink lips wrapped around hard length, round ass on display right in front of the camera, a steady rhythm before big hands held the head in front of him in place, thrusting his hips hard and fast. Tiny body on all fours over the bed, barely able to stay still as their ass was fucked at a brutal pace. Tiny body bent over a table, pushed against a wall, on their knees under a desk while the guy casually played games.

As usual, it didn't take long for his own face and body to be inserted in the clips he liked, imagining a warm and small body under him, needy and ready to take him. He imagined the ways he would please them, mouth against skin and using skilled hands, or even more skilled fingers. He

imagined pleas for more, and thrusting in and out of a needy hole. He imagined picking up his pace, until he made a mess of the person under him, pulling sweet sounds out of them.

Soft sounds, pleased ones. Quiet whimpers and a few whines. Soft sighs, too. Soft sighs like the ones he heard recently, just a week ago. Faint panting, muffled noises, the need to be loud. All too quiet to hear them properly but still able to perceive the familiar voice. Voice that would sound so good saying his name.

Clay stopped right away, eyes snapping open as he realized the direction his mind was taking. He quickly pushed the thoughts away, not even giving himself time to process what he had been thinking, and allowing the slight twitching of his dick to steal his attention. He glanced down to himself, then smirked. Good, he was hard now. His breathing was slightly heavier too.

That was also a good thing. He needed to sound as pleased and into it as possible.

Without giving it much thought and not wanting to lose more time, he carefully slid his hand inside his underwear, wrapping his fingers around his needy cock. The contact instantly sent a shiver down his spine, a soft sigh escaping him that he didn't try to stop. He squeezed himself softly, shivering to the feeling again, and he took a deep breath before he started to stroke himself slowly.

God, that felt good. He was fully hard now, his dick greedy for more. So he gave it more, he gave himself more, using his thumb to play with the head and moving his hand up and down firmly the way he liked it. Normally, he didn't take things so slow, but right now, he wanted to prolong the moment and enjoy it as much as possible.

A sound threatened to leave his mouth, he muffled it out of instinct. Then, he focused on the call for just a second, a moment of clarity reminding him that he was still on a mission.

He realized right away that the clicking on the other line had stopped, and a satisfied grin took over his lips. He knew that probably meant George was already aware of what he was doing, and; if their previous conversations were anything to go by; he knew that most likely meant he was paying attention, listening to him and his actions.

It was officially show time.

With that in mind, he finally allowed himself to go a little faster, focusing on himself again.

He played with the tip of his dick some more, collecting pre-cum with his fingertips before spreading it on the rest of his length to use it as lube. He tightened the grip around himself next, being just a little rougher with his movements and letting himself move his hips as well. He thrust into his own hand, a rustling noise filling the room as the sheets under him moved whenever he shifted.

He used his free hand to caress his own skin, slowly heading down to his balls, then gently squeezing and playing with them. A soft sound escaped him right away, throwing his head back as he stroked himself faster, closing his eyes shut and letting out a quiet 'fuck'. The rustle noise was still present, the noise of skin against skin resonating too, and the sound of breath hitching. But that wasn't him. That change of breathing wasn't his.

His whole body flooded with pride the second he realized what that meant, the second he realized he was accomplishing his goal.

That was a reaction. He made George react. And he couldn't be completely sure, but he was almost certain it was a good one.

That thought only made him feel more pleased, it only made him enjoy himself more. Fuck, he couldn't remember a time in his life he's enjoyed touching himself more than right that second. If trying to be sneaky as he jerked off while on call was a life-changing experience, then not holding back and putting up a show was an astronomical event.

He got pleasure from trying to keep quiet and the thrill of knowing he could get caught, but being vocal and having the knowledge that the person on the other side *knew* what he was doing, and possibly liked it, was beyond anything he's ever felt. It only made him go faster, and more sounds slipped out of him. Soft sounds, faint groans, panting on the mic and biting his lips whenever a moan wanted to come up.

"*Fuck.*" A breathy whisper, quiet enough to not seem like it was on purpose but loud enough to be heard clearly. "*Oh god.*" He wanted to make it obvious just how much he was liking it. He wanted to make it obvious just how much he enjoyed having his hand stroking his dick.

He would probably enjoy it more if a smaller hand was the one touching him, fingers barely wrapping around him and making his cock look even bigger. Or with pretty lips placing small kisses all over his tip, licking up and down his length before taking it into his mouth, struggling to get it all in.

He would probably enjoy it more having his own hands on someone else. Someone smaller, someone softer, someone he could mark up and taste, exploring his whole body with his hands and mouth. Someone with a slim waist, and a big ass, that would let him touch as much as he wanted. He might even let the blond fuck him, if he asked nicely enough. And if his brain had a specific person in mind when probably shouldn't be thinking of that, that's not something he could bring himself to care about right now.

It was normal, due to the context. He couldn't be blamed. But for now, without any of that as an option, the uneven breathing that filled his earbuds was enough to keep him going. For now, knowing he sounded like a mess and his best friend was listening to each of his noises was enough to keep him going.

Maybe he had a thing for being heard. Maybe he had a thing for *certain people* hearing him.

It was so fucking good. It was all so fucking good. He was so fucking turned on and his hand was moving so fast and he was getting too close. All he could do was go faster, thrust harder, get louder. All he could do was get lost in the pleasure as he pushed himself closer and closer to the edge.

Until he couldn't take it anymore.

He came with a muffled moan, biting his lips to prevent himself from making a straight up pornographic sound. His hand moved as he rode off his orgasm, painting his fist white and panting heavily. He felt lightheaded, and weirdly weak, nothing but satisfaction filling his senses. And he stayed like that for a couple seconds, until stimulation began to feel like too much and he brought his movements to a full stop. Then, he just laid there, struggling to catch his breath and feeling dirty.

Holy fuck. That was the best orgasm he's had in his entire life.

It took him a couple seconds to fully come back to reality, the room all too quiet now and feeling way too relaxed. The other side of the line was quiet too, except for the faint sound of uneven breathing that he could still hear in the background. He smirked. It seemed like he wasn't the only one having trouble to breathe properly.

And fuck, that was good. That was *great*. It made him feel fucking fantastic. It was enough to make him feel accomplished. Because that was a hundred percent a reaction, a hundred percent a good one, and so he had been right after all. Because maybe that was just breathing, the only proof he had that he had any kind of effect on him, but by the way it sounded, it was enough to make him think that George was most likely at least a little bit turned on. And that small fact was a huge victory.

He had been right. Hearing sexual stuff got you to react. It was just normal, what happened to him. He turned the boy on after all, the same way that the brunet turned him on just a few days ago, the only reason why it hadn't happened before was because he hadn't been loud enough.

He liked that thought. He liked how proud it made him feel. But maybe, he liked it just a little too much.

Maybe, it made him feel good for more than just because it proved his point.

He quickly considered if he wanted to go there and analyze what all of that meant. He quickly decided that he was better off not doing so.

For a moment, things stayed like they were. He didn't move, he didn't talk, staying on the call with nothing but the sound of their breaths filling the silence. Clay took some time to calm down, to regain enough strength to reach for his tissues and clean himself up. But once he did, and once he was done and ready to get in bed again, things began to feel a little too real again.

He realized then how for the past five minutes or so neither had dared to say a word. And that was enough for his overthinker brain to start second guessing everything.

Shit, what if that was too much? Could that have made his friend uncomfortable? Did he take things too far this time around?

He didn't want to assume the worst, especially because he knew the brunet well enough to know that he wouldn't have stayed on the call till the end if he really was uncomfortable or felt weirded out by what was going on. No, he was pretty sure that the Brit had enjoyed it, at least to an extent; at least enough to want to stay and listen. He *was* turned on by the whole thing, he was almost completely sure of it. But maybe that was the reason why he was so quiet now, maybe the boy didn't know what to think of what he was feeling, or what to do with it, or how to feel about it.

A part of him couldn't help but wonder just that, how George felt about getting *affected* in that way by hearing his best friend touch himself. A part of him knew that it wasn't the time to start thinking about that, not when concern was still too present. He shook his head, sighing to himself. That was material for another fantasy. Right now, he had bigger things to worry about.

He could only hope that his actions wouldn't make things awkward, and he mentally cursed himself for doing something that could potentially make them awkward in the first place. However... He would be lying if he said he didn't enjoy it, or that he wouldn't do it again if the opportunity presented itself after making sure things were okay between them.

It was almost embarrassing how the thought alone was enough to make his lower abdomen tingle and his soft dick give a weak twitch in interest. He just came, for fuck's sake, he needed to calm down his hormones.

Clay took a deep breath, trying to organize his thoughts before sitting up and reaching for his phone. He stared at the screen, as if that would help in anything to make him know what his friend was thinking or feeling. Then, he mentally debated with himself if he should be the first one to talk,

or wait for the brunet to do it.

Before he could make up his mind and figure out what he even wanted to say, though, the Brit's voice filled the silence.

"Dream." His friend's voice sounded weirdly strangled, a little raspier than usual too, like it was somewhat hard to talk. The blond opened his mouth to respond, to ask a simple 'yes?', but the boy beat him to it again, speaking before he could. "I have to go."

From all the ways he had thought George could complete his sentence, that surely wasn't one.

Clay blinked once, then twice.

"What?" He let out, brows furrowing with confusion at the unexpected of those words. "What do you-" But before he could even finish talking, the call was suddenly over.

Clay stared at his phone, completely puzzled. He stared at his screen very intensely, as if to further prove to himself that the brunet had, indeed, hung up.

And now, he was all alone.

He blinked again.

*... What the hell just happened?*

## Chapter End Notes

HAPPY SIX MONTHS OF WRITING DNF TO ME WOOOO! i cant believe its been that long already, it feels like it was yesterday when i first joined haha. the most amazing six months, what a great decision it was to join this fandom and write for it <3 im so so thankful for all of you that had supported me so far, and i really hope you enjoy this new fic.

you voted for phone sex and mutual masturbation on twitter, so as promised, thats what i brought here haha. or well, almost. you'll have to wait for part two to read the second half of the prompt hehe

ANYWAYS THANK YOU EVERYONE FOR THE SUPPORT!!! as always, comments and all kinds of interactions are welcomed, encouraged, and appreciated :]

Imk what you think! and i'll see you in a week or two with part two

[twitter](#)

[tumblr](#)

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## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The sound of clicking resonated through his speakers, faint background music coming from his computer and occasional humming too. The call was quiet, a prolonged silence that bordered the line between comfortable and not.

He still preferred that, an uneasy feeling in his stomach for hours without words, to the lack of familiar company for even longer.

Clay focused on the screen, eyes fixated on the clip he was editing as he ignored the growing sense of awkwardness that invaded him.

“Dream?” George’s voice was sudden but relieving, sounding as hesitant as the blond has felt too for the last three or so hours.

“Hm?” A mindless sound to let his friend know he was listening.

“What if I ever need to...” The boy began, but his words faded right after. He paused, then seemingly changed his mind. “Nevermind.”

That instantly caught his attention, curiosity awakening.

"What?"

"Nothing, forget about it."

"No, tell me," he pressed, now suddenly eager for the information. Because with the brunet, those pauses always meant *something*.

"It's nothing."

"George."

"It's not-"

"George."

The Brit sighed, sounding defeated; probably knowing him well enough to know that the American wouldn't stop asking until he got what he wanted.

“What if I... God, this is so dumb,” his friend groaned in annoyance. A complaint, not too happy with what was asked of him. “This is stupid, I don't even-”

"Just say it, George," he pressed. The boy groaned again, then took a deep breath.

"What if I need to... You know, while um, while you're also..."

Clay instantly froze, hands stopping over his mouse. The brunet didn't continue his sentence, but the blond could still fill the void. Quickly, he clicked out of his editing program, opening their discord conversation with the Brit instead and staring at it; as if that somehow made up for his inability to stare at the brunet's face. He kept his eyes on his friend's icon, processing his words.

From all the things he imagined that George could've asked, that definitely wasn't one of them. He was sure, after that last time, that they would *never* mention anything related to that topic ever again.

It had been weird, the past four days.

From complete radio silence for two whole days, leaving Clay wondering if he had *really* messed up this time with what he did, to having the boy texting him again like nothing had happened and acting completely normal for another two days, and then finally calling again but staying mostly quiet the whole time. The blond had taken all of that as a wake-up call, a sign that their deal was over, and they should never mention it again nor try to engage in such activities either. They went back to before all of that started, in a way, and the American had tried his best to be careful.

So it was fair to say, George bringing *it* up was more than just a surprise. Especially considering what his question implied, the hidden meaning behind it. But Clay didn't necessarily dislike it.

Despite his attempts to act as normal as possible just like his friend was doing, and despite the original concern and fear that he had felt from the lack of the Brit's presence, he couldn't say that he hadn't been thinking about what happened over and over again since that moment.

He couldn't say that he hadn't wondered if the reason why George reacted the way he did wasn't because he hated him now or was too much, but because he *liked* it and it wasn't enough. He couldn't help but wonder if the reason why his friend had hung up was exactly what seemed to underline his question, if it was because the boy needed to take care of himself too. He couldn't say he hadn't wondered if things would have been different if he had pressed him to stay a little longer, if he had asked him if he truly was turned on and heard him admit it. He couldn't say he hadn't been wondering *why* he wished the boy had stayed.

Each of them going through with their pact and touching themselves while on call had blurred some line, a line that got thinner with his efforts to purposely turn his friend on like he had done to him too. But with this, those doubts, and that question, they might actually cross it.

He knew hearing each other as they pleased themselves was already something that went beyond the friendship barriers, something that left their relationship in some kind of gray area that he should probably be worried about. But he still wanted to push, and push further, and take more.

He wanted to take as much as George would allow him to.

Now, it seemed like he would allow way more than he originally thought.

His body filled with a strange sense of satisfaction and expectation, the need to find out what the boy was willing to agree to. If he was asking that, he probably had something in mind that he wanted as an answer. Clay begged to himself that it was the same answer he was thinking of.

He cleared his throat, focusing on the present again trying to sound casual as he spoke.

"Then... We both do it, I guess."

Silence. Nothing but the sound of his heart beating loudly. He held his breath, trying to keep his anxiety at bay. Then, a hesitant voice.

"Like, at the same time?" The brunet sounded uncertain, but not disgusted. It wasn't an instant rejection, there wasn't confusion in his tone either. Like he expected words like those, and now only needed the confirmation.



And God, just thinking about it made the blond's skin tingle, heat pooling in his lower abdomen.

He wanted that. He wanted that *badly*. He wanted to use George's sounds to fuel his own pleasure and put on another show for him to make the boy cum.

He cleared his throat again, shifting in his spot. His pants felt tighter.

"I mean, why not?" He mumbled, keeping his casual facade. "It's not a big difference from what we did already, is it?"

Another silence. A shorter one this time.

"I guess."

And with that, they were settled. The topic was dropped rather quickly after that, and for the rest of the day and the next one nothing was mentioned, as if the conversation didn't happen. But it wasn't as awkward or nerve-wracking as the first time. This time, he was just excited.

There were no doubts, just expectations. Because this time, he was sure it would happen.

*He* would make it happen.

He would wait for a couple days, so things could fully go back to normal and the remaining uneasiness could be erased. Then, once things were calm enough, he would get to it. He would touch himself like he has done many times before, and would be loud enough to get George to join him.

At least, that was his plan. But at last, that's not how things went.

The call that night went on for longer than he expected, and they both went to bed around four in the morning of his time. He tiredly changed his clothes and got ready for bed, sleep ready to claim him, then got comfortable in his mattress as he heard his friend move around on his own. It didn't take long for his eyes to close, still hearing as George tried to find a good position, or so it seemed if all the rustle was anything to go by. Then, the noise stopped, and the silence was the best invitation to start falling asleep.

Until he heard a small sound.

A quiet, almost imperceptible, strained whine.

He hummed, unsure if there was any trace of pain or not in what he heard.

"You okay?" He mumbled, voice tinted with sleep. The boy in the other line took a sharp breath.

"*Yeah.*" Breathy, quiet yet loud. Like an exaggerated whisper.

Green eyes opened right away.

He felt his heart stop, or maybe suddenly quickening.

He was wide awake again.

All his focus was back on the phone call, taking in the discreet sound of skin against skin and the Brit's heavy breathing. He took a deep breath of his own, head spinning.

"What are you doing?" He asked, dumbly. Completely out of impulse. The brunet let out a soft

laugh, just as breathy as his previous words.

"What do you think?" His friend whispered. And heat pooled in his stomach right away.

Shit. Holy fuck.

He was touching himself. George was touching himself again. He was sighing with pleasure, letting out small sounds, seeking relief. And he still answered his question. He spoke to him while his hand stroked his dick.

Suddenly, it was hard to breathe. Suddenly, he felt ten times warmer. The knowledge and the mental image sent shivers down his spine, his mind filling with the need of hearing more. A soft whine fell from the boy's mouth. Clay's hand moved straight to his clothed cock. He palmed himself one, twice, then, he stopped the movement.

Fuck. Should he be doing that? Technically they had agreed that it was allowed, but that was barely a day ago; not more than thirty six hours had passed.

Was it too soon? Would the brunet be okay with him being the first to join him? The blond had expected things to go the other way around, he still wasn't sure where the Brit's comfort zone ended. But God, he wanted to. His already half hard dick was all too eager to jump into the opportunity presented.

He wanted to. He *needed* to. The more soft noises the boy let out the warmer he felt all over, breath getting heavier and heavier and body filling with the same desperation he felt that first time.

George's sounds were like music. Clay was ready to dance.

He didn't want to make his friend uncomfortable, or even worse, to make him stop, but after their conversation he couldn't shake away the thought of joining him from his aroused brain. He wanted to, he needed to.

And then, the brunet whimpered.

He *whimpered*.

Shit.

He couldn't take it anymore.

His hand quickly slid inside his pants, wrapping his fingers around his length a little too desperately. A strained noise threatened to escape his mouth, that he barely muffled by biting his lips, his heart beating faster with anticipation. Not yet, he couldn't make noise yet. First, he needed to confirm it was okay.

"George," he barely was able to let out, voice sounding raspier than usual. To his delight, the boy *moaned* in response, a soft 'yeah?' following right after to let him know he was, indeed, listening. The blond squeezed his dick to the sound, swallowing hard. "Can I- Can I also...?"

Another breathy laugh resonated through the phone. Then, words that made him lose all the remaining control that he still had.

"I thought you were already."

He began to stroke himself right away.

There was something incredibly arousing about George thinking he was already jerking off.

Despite his original question being worded as a hypothetical scenario; what if they both happened to need to touch themselves at the same time; his words just now made it obvious that the brunet's expectations were always that they would do it, regardless if both happened to want it from before or hearing each other was what caused that. It wasn't so much a coincidental thing and what to do if it happened, but a scenario the Brit had wanted to happen.

George wanted him to join him. He was touching himself while assuming the blond would do it too. And that could only mean that he was well aware of the effect he had caused on the American that first time with his sounds.

But that also worked the other way around. Clay could also assume that this meant the boy had wanted to join him the last time, that he had gotten so turned on that he wanted to jerk off while hearing him, but didn't know if he was allowed to.

The blond's hand moved faster to the thought of the brunet thinking about it over and over until he had no choice but to ask, desperate to get permission to do what he had wanted that day. His hand moved faster to the thought of his Brit's mind clouded with lust, wanting to use the American's groans as his material to get himself off. His hand moved faster to the thought of affecting his friend as much as he had done with him.

George, hanging up as quick as possible to touch himself, hot and bothered and leaking on his underwear. George, remembering his sounds and getting hard again, not speaking to him for two days because of the guilt of jerking off to him, maybe more than once. George, horny and needy with the faceless man in his mind as he stroked his dick with his delicate hand. George, moaning and whimpering and begging for more, all because of him.

George, George, *George*.

Clay closed his eyes, a pleased sound leaving his mouth. The boy whined a little louder, as if to respond. He tightened the grip on his cock, stroking himself even faster, almost roughly, another sound coming out of his lips. The brunet whined again, and again, breathing heavily as he created music. And fuck, it was the hottest thing he had ever experienced.

George's little noises added to the pleasure he was feeling and made the movements of his hand feel better, and his reactions to that pleasure got the boy to react more as well. A domino effect, one that made it obvious just how much they were enjoying themselves.

If Clay thought touching himself on call was good, and the thrill of possibly being heard felt amazing, this new layer to it was out of this world.

Jerking off had never felt better. And by the sound of it, he wasn't the only one under intense pleasure. His friend's moans got even louder, shamelessly filling his ear, making it clear he was getting close. The blond wished he would tell him, let him know he was about to cum and let him be a part of it.

That thought was all he needed to reach his own orgasm, and the groan and small gasps he let out finished pushing the brunet off the edge, cumming right after him. The call was filled with heavy panting as they tried to regulate their breathing, not a word being said and just focusing on coming down from their high.

Clay took a few seconds to calm down, then reached for the tissues on his nightstand to clean himself. Then, silence fell over them.

For a moment, they were both quiet, not a single sound breaking the atmosphere that was created. The blond wasn't sure if to be concerned, or if he should assume that the pleasure had killed both of their brains. But then, the brunet groaned with frustration.

"I got cum on my pillow," the Brit complained. The American couldn't help but snort.

A loud laugh followed it right after, still feeling a bit out of breath and his body feeling weirdly weak.

"*How?*" He instantly asked, laughing again. "What were you doing with your pillow that you-"

"*Nothing,*" his friend interrupted right away, making him laugh harder. He could almost hear him blushing somehow. "Shut up, you're so dumb."

"It's okay, George," he assured, grinning despite not being seen. "I use my pillows sometimes too."

"I wasn't- That's not how I got it dirty," the boy let out rather quickly. But then, he was quiet, almost as if hesitating before he spoke again. "What do you mean you use them? Do you like, ride them?"

"Not exactly. I mean I guess I grind against them sometimes." He shrugged. "But mostly I put two together and get my dick in between, you know? Like to fuck them."

George instantly snorted to his word.

Just like that, embarrassment hit him.

"Seriously?"

"It feels *good*," he excused, cheeks heating up to his friend's tone. The boy hummed in response, as if accepting his reasoning as valid, not pushing further or asking any other questions.

"I'm tired," the brunet mumbled instead, a soft yawn following his words.

"I wonder why," he teased, shifting on his spot to get comfortable and relax. "We should sleep," he said next, getting another hum in response.

They exchanged a couple more words as they both got ready to sleep, for real this time, then the call went quiet again. But it wasn't an uncomfortable silence, just the normal one that came before sleeping, like every night.

And it was nice, how normal everything was. And it was still normal when they woke up the next day, soon talking and joking around the same way as always. Things weren't awkward at all, they both seemed okay with what they did and it didn't change anything in a negative way.

He could get used to it.

He could get used to getting off at the same time, using each other's sounds as if listening to porn, then continuing with their routine.

And George seemed to feel the same, too. Because not even two days later, the boy was whining on the phone and turning him on, getting him to join him again. Then the next day too, Clay taking the initiative this time.

It felt good, too good. So good that he dared to do it first thing in the morning after they woke up. So good that George decided to do it again that same night. And between panting and pleased

noises there were no thoughts or worries. It was all lust, and satisfaction, the concept of how their actions weren't at all friendly never crossing their minds.

Because they were just pleasing themselves, and just happened to be doing so at the same time, while staying on call. That was all there was to it. The fact that they clearly reacted to each other's reactions was just a tiny detail, one that didn't need to be addressed.

What they might or might not cause in each other wasn't necessary to think about. What it might or might not mean wasn't either. It was all fine, and it was good, and they could simply enjoy themselves without questioning it too much. Until they couldn't anymore.

Until between panting and pleased noises a new sound came out of his friend's mouth. One with too much meaning, one that couldn't be ignored.

Then, the world froze.

The phone instantly got quiet.

And it was just a word, one that came out mindlessly with a breathy tone and a little too quietly, that could have easily been missed. But it was a word that he knew all too well.

Despite being an ocean apart, he could feel the brunet's panic. He could tell that he had instantly realized what he just said, and was hurriedly trying to come up with something to excuse it. But he didn't want an excuse. His hand moved faster as tension began to build in his lower abdomen.

Pleasure, all he felt was pleasure. The most intense pleasure he's ever felt.

"I-

"Fuck, George," he let out, slightly choked out, before the boy could even attempt to finish his sentence. "Say that again," he pleaded.

He closed his eyes, stroking himself in an almost desperate manner.

It was hot, it was too hot. The room was hot, the bed was hot, his skin was hot. The voice at the other side of the line was hot, and the owner of said voice too.

The boy let out an embarrassed whine to his petition, then he heard him starting to move his hand again.

"Say it again," he said again, not a request but a demand this time. The brunet whined again. "Say it," he insisted. Needy, greedy.

"*Dream*," his friend finally moaned against the mic, giving him what he wanted.

And fuck, it was even hotter the second time around. Hearing his name, hearing it in *that* context, and hearing the pleased tone that said it, it drove him crazy. Knowing that George was so lost in his own pleasure that he couldn't help but say his name, like a lustful admission that he was thinking of him, drove him fucking crazy.

A sound escaped his lips, an electric wave running down his spine.

"*Yeah*, just like that," he breathed out, panting heavily. "Again, please, say it again."

"*Dream*," the boy whined. Right away this time. And he couldn't help but moan in response.

"Fuck, George," he whispered, working on his dick roughly. "You're so fucking hot."

The whimper that came out of his friend's mouth made his head spin, hips thrusting into his own hand as the tension inside him built up even more.

"Dream," the brunet moaned again, all on his own.

He couldn't get enough of it.

"More, say it more," he commanded. "I'm- I'm close. Wanna cum to your voice."

"*Fuck*," the Brit breathed out, more little sounds escaping him and breathing faster. "Dream, Dream-"

Green eyes rolled and his head fell back, pleasure completely taking over him.

It was too much, it was all too much.

"George," it was his turn to moan. "'M gonna-"

"*Dream.*"

His whole body trembled as he came, that word pushing him off the edge. The most intense pleasure he's ever felt invaded every one of his cells, nothing but satisfaction filling his mind. And as he rode off his orgasm and his hand came to a stop, he listened to his friend as he came as well.

Panting was soon all that could be heard, both taking some time to regulate their breathing and calm down as they did every time. But this hasn't been like every other time.

Moans were hot, they were using each other as porn. It was a thought that he repeated to himself over and over again. He couldn't say it this time.

Despite clearly turning each other on and enjoying the shows they put for the other, nothing but sounds was ever shared. They were doing it together, at the same time, but not *together*, not *with* each other. It was never interactive.

Moaning the other's name, making requests, talking like that, it was definitely interactive.

This wasn't like every other time. This was completely different.

All the 'phone sex' jokes they've said throughout the years suddenly came to his mind. Suddenly, too, the term felt a little too real and appropriate for the situation.

They didn't just jerk off at the same time. So was *that* what they did just now?

Did they just have *sex*?

Clay took a deep breath, chest feeling a little too warm and skin tingling a little too much. He felt weirdly excited, yet a bit confused too.

Whatever name their actions had, it was fair to say that they had been *sexually intimate* in a way that couldn't be excused to still be seen as friendly anymore. It was something that could be done between friends, yes, friends with benefits existed for a reason. But that still went outside *just* platonic territory. At the very least, it had to mean they were to an extent attracted to each other. And at most...

He wasn't sure if he was ready to go there yet.

However, Clay could admit that doing what they were doing was less about hearing pleased sounds to get off because it was hot, and more about hearing *George* make those sounds and him being the one causing them. Clay could admit that he had *some* feelings that weren't at all friendly, and that deep inside he knew that before they started with their pact.

For now, that admission was enough.

And George had said his name. He said his name, *moaned* his name, while touching himself. And that had to mean something too. So maybe he wasn't ready to fully explore what all of it could mean. But *that*, the way George felt about him, was something that he was too eager to confirm.

Clay relaxed on his bed, hearing nothing but silence on the other side of the line. He cleared his throat, to get ready to talk, taking just two seconds to figure out how to start that conversation before finally speaking again.

“So...”

“No.”

George hung up before he could even start his sentence.

He blinked once, then twice.

A soft laugh escaped his lips right after.

Well, his friend clearly knew him well enough to know what topic he was going to bring up. And he knew the brunet well enough too to know his action meant he was still embarrassed about what he did, and would probably take his words as him teasing him.

He shook his head, a dumb smile adorning his face.

“Goodnight, George,” he mumbled, despite the call being over.

He could wait to talk. And would probably tease him a little bit too now.

Clay closed his eyes, getting ready to sleep, the thoughts of what just happened replaying in his head just a couple more times.

Things had changed, this was way beyond their pact. Yet another line was crossed.

He kind of wanted to cross them all.

Green eyes followed every movement of the boy on his screen. His cheek rested on his palm, arm placed on his desk, head slightly tilted. He kept a dumb smile on his face as he watched, and soft giggles escaped his mouth every time the brunet made another silly comment or joke. Exaggerated faces, loud screams, sarcastic humor. The Brit was good at what he did.

Pink cheeks, pinker lips, a wide yet shy smile whenever someone brought him up. His reactions were always so unintentionally honest, despite his attempts to keep most of his inner world private and hidden from prying eyes. The way he ran his fingers through his hair to fix it, the way he laughed without a care in the world, the way he cared about keeping the people watching him happy.

*Cute.* He was cute.

George was cute completely effortlessly.

It made his own cheeks get redder, his smile get bigger, a bubbly feeling in his stomach and warmth in his chest. A quicker heartbeat, despite the lack of actions that could justify it.

When lust wasn't present and his body was calm, Clay's brain was still full of *George*.

And maybe that wasn't exactly a new thing, maybe that wasn't something that could be seen as an effect of the new intimate aspect of their relationship. It wasn't exactly a secret that he held a special fondness for the brunet, that his heart beat just a little louder for him than for the rest. But just *how different* his affection was for him was easier to explore when there were physical reactions backing it up, reactions that he couldn't exactly deny or ignore.

The Brit laughed again at a joke the American didn't hear and his attention went back to the stream, giggling too despite his ignorance to what was going on, because his happiness was contagious. He changed his position then, so his hands could reach his keyboard, and he typed a simple message on their discord chat so the boy could read it without his viewers getting suspicious; they usually asked questions when he texted him on the phone.

*'You're so pretty,'* he sent. Shamelessly, more honest than he should be. *'Can't take my eyes away.'*

Green eyes watched as brown ones glanced at his screen, a darker shade of red adorning his cheeks right away. He pressed his lips together as if to stop any reaction from happening, yet the edges still curved up into an embarrassed smile, rolling his eyes subtly.

His flustered demeanor was quickly pushed away, though, taking a deep breath and biting his lips before starting to act like he did before. The boy went back to playing and kept talking to his chat, as if the blond's compliment meant nothing.

It meant everything, his actions said between lines.

Clay watched him as he ignored the few people calling him out, mentioning how his behavior changed for a second. He kept a satisfied grin on his face, seeing that the brunet's cheeks were still flushed. Then, he watched him take a bottle and drink some water. Too fast, uncarefully, a couple drops falling down his chin. The Brit placed his bottle down, mouth still slightly parted as he wiped the drops away with his hand. He moved his hand down his neck next, licking his lips while he did, as if to catch whatever remains of water that could be left.

Heat pooled in the blond's abdomen to the view, his chest feeling warmer.

*Hot.* He was hot.

George was hot even when he didn't try to be.

He turned simple actions into something worthy of attraction, every gesture fueling his fascination. And even when seduction wasn't his intention, he had Clay wrapped around his finger. Craving for him, needing more, wanting him.

God, he wanted him. He wanted so much of him.

He wanted to both playfully scold the boy for being so messy, and grab his jaw to wipe the water drops away himself, not with his hands but his mouth. He wanted to both keep watching the boy play so casually, and steal his attention to get him all for himself.



But not just now, the blond always wanted him. So much of him.

He wanted the laughs, he wanted the smiles, he wanted his company and his touch. He wanted his presence, not only behind a screen. He wanted to meet him for the first time again, and learn everything about him that he didn't know yet. He wanted lazy afternoons laying together in bed doing nothing, and sleepless nights that concluded with watching the sunrise.

He wanted him, all of him. Even if still navigating that gray area they were in, of 'more than friends' and 'less than more' that he liked to call 'not enough'.

Clay took a deep breath, fingers reaching for his keyboard again.

Maybe he couldn't get everything he wanted just yet, but at the very least, he could get the boy flustered again. That would have to do for now.

*'Keep moving your hand down,'* he quickly typed, *'i think there might be some other wet spot that needs you to touch it.'*

It didn't take long for George to notice he had messaged him, and as soon as he read the text, his cheeks turned bright red again. The brunet let out a soft scoff, replying just as quickly; a simple 'you're an idiot' before focusing on his game again.

The blond smirked at his reaction, watching him shift on his seat and clear his throat. But then, the boy leaned into his chair some more, stretching for just a second before casually scratching his neck. Between the change of position and the movement more of the pale skin was exposed, collarbones visible as the Brit kept rubbing the zone mindlessly.

George licked his lips subtly, seemingly placing his hand either on his thigh or lap; somewhere out of frame; as an exaggerated sigh left his mouth. Clay raised an eyebrow.

He moved closer to his screen, watching as the brunet rested his head fully against the chair, giving a clearer view of his neck in the process. The boy stretched again, a soft whine escaping his lips right after. And to everyone else that would only be a noise of complaint, but to him, it was a little too similar to the kind of noises he was already missing. The American hurried to write another message.

*'Are you doing it on purpose?'* He quickly asked. Accused. *'You know what your sounds do to me.'*

Brown eyes glanced at his screen right away. The Brit smirked at his words, biting his lips to hide the reaction, then typed another reply. A blatant lie. *'I'm not doing anything.'*

The blond scoffed, rolling his eyes. He knew his friend and his *brattiness* a little too well at that point to be convinced of that.

He knew the boy liked to tempt him, and make him be the one giving in. He knew the boy liked to go for what he wanted, but liked it more when Clay came running to give it to him instead. He knew George liked teasing more than straight up flirting, and that he enjoyed having the blond all hot and bothered because of him. He had learned a lot about that these past few days.

He had learned a lot since flirting, teasing, and mumbling a few filthy things to get each other in the mood was allowed in their dynamic. He had learned a lot since they dropped the 'just out of convenience to keep the other's presence around' act, and being more obvious about how much they liked to do it together was allowed too.

They didn't talk about it, not really. In a way they did, but in a clearer way they didn't. There

weren't any big confessions or discussions about feelings and meanings. Still, there was a mutual understanding that they were on the same page. About what they did, about what was allowed, about how to behave around each other.

They didn't talk about it, but it didn't completely go unsaid.

"You said my name," he had mumbled, with panting still filling the call and his hand still dirty with white substance. A groan escaped his friend's lips right away.

"We *just*- Shut up," the boy let out, embarrassment palpable through the phone. It made the blond smile, a sense of satisfaction in knowing the brunet couldn't deny it or excuse himself now. Not after doing it again, all too willing and eager for more. "It made you cum," the Brit added, fighting back. "Yesterday *and* today."

Clay hummed, nodding to himself. That was true as well. He would be lying if he said that he didn't enjoy himself, hearing his friend. He would be lying if he said he wasn't relieved when the boy had called him that morning, and when he took initiative once again. He would be lying if he said he didn't like the implications behind it too.

Because it would be stupid to pretend at this point that this was just them 'reacting to a sexual act', when they had been moaning the other's name just seconds ago.

"And you like that." *You like me.*

The moment that sentence left his mouth, the call had gone silent. Not a sound was heard on the other side of the line, and tension filled the air. As if the unspoken words behind the ones he let out hung heavy in the miles between them. As if George knew exactly what Clay meant with them.

The blond knew the brunet too, and what his silences meant as well.

"I like it too." *I like you too.*

George was bold when he had nothing to lose, and insecure when he had too much to win.

The silence was prolonged for just a moment, before a hesitant word was mumbled.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," he assured.

And that was all they had needed, all the reassurance and confirmation too. Then, things flowed easily and effortlessly, in a completely natural way. Another four days of doing *stuff* together were quick to follow; even more than once a day on some occasions.

It had been a restless week.

To be quite honest, he was surprised his dick hadn't fallen off at that point.

And it was almost funny, how quickly things could escalate in four weeks. But he guessed it made sense, when you finally opened the gates to cravings you have been trying to push away for months; probably years. The fact that Sapnap had been gone for three and a half of those weeks helped too, the privacy of a house alone only allowed him to indulge more. More freely, more often, as loud as he wanted to.

Clay shifted in his spot, mind focusing on the present again, all the memories of beautiful sounds

and needy sighs only adding to the growing warmth inside him. Once again, he typed quickly. A single message.

*'End the stream.'*

'Why?' An equally quick answer.

He groaned, suddenly feeling impatient. He had left random people to have George's company and attention for too long, now he just wanted to be selfish.

*'You know why,'* he accused, looking at the prideful smirk on his friend's face. *'I wanna jerk off.'*

The boy's smirk grew wider.

*'Then do it. You don't need me for that.'* A taunt.

He rolled his eyes. Technically, it was true, but it wasn't what Clay wanted. And he knew hearing that was exactly what George was looking for.

*'I don't wanna do it alone.'* He gave in, giving him what he wanted. At the end, he always gave in.

The Brit hummed to himself, ignoring the people in chat who had caught up that he was texting someone. Ignoring the fact that he was live, because he wasn't the one that would have to deal with the fan's questions later. Brown eyes stared straight into the camera. He grinned, leaning onto his chair some more, then pressed a single key to send his message.

Cocky.

*'Well, that's not my problem.'* The blond read, rolling his eyes again. *'It's not my fault that you're always horny now.'* To that, he couldn't help but scoff.

*'It kinda is your fault,'* he was quick to reply. The brunet's smile got bigger, then, he bit his lips.

Clay hummed.

Interesting.

*'You liked that,'* he pointed out.

Not that it was necessary, they both were well aware that George enjoyed the grip he had on his friend, and the effect he caused on him.

*'Come on, end the stream,'* he texted again. And if saying just how much he wanted him was what the blond needed to do to get the brunet to react, that's exactly what he would do. *'I miss your voice moaning my name.'*

The Brit's cheeks turned bright red right away. A nervous laugh left his lips, shifting in his seat before anxiously looking at his second monitor. And just like that, he was saying goodbye to his stream, making up some unbelievable excuse to why he was leaving so abruptly.

In the end, Clay always got what he wanted too. Because the boy wanted the same.

That was why adapting to the changes in their dynamic was so easy and quick.

The stream ended, and his phone rang right after. The blond didn't waste a second, answering right away as he stood up to head to his bed. By the sound of it, George was getting in bed as well.

“God, I hate you,” the brunet let out, sounding out of breath.

“Oh yeah?” He grinned, laying on his mattress and quickly putting his earphones on, leaving the phone on his nightstand next. “Is that why you’re so worked up already?”

The boy scoffed at his words, some rustle filling the call as he seemingly pushed his pants down.

“Yeah, that’s why.” Mocking tone, yet urgency hiding underline. “So shut up and get to it.”

Clay chuckled to his words, shaking his head before slipping one hand inside his pants.

“Funny, I was about to say the same thing.”

Familiar actions were soon being repeated, and pleased sounds resonated through the phone as many times that week. Too many times, probably.

They couldn’t be blamed. Not when it felt that good. And maybe they would calm down eventually, once the excitement of a new part of their routine died down and they got used to it, but for now, they would keep crossing the line over and over again. He would keep losing against temptation, falling for pleasure and letting George win. He would keep doing it while he could.

Their routines would change again soon, and things would have to be reevaluated in one way or another. So for now, he didn’t want to think.

However, after spending a month out of the public eye; using all of their time to watch shows together, talk for hours, and please themselves and each other; they knew that they needed to at least make *some* effort to keep the other parts of their routine going, and be responsible with their obligations too. No matter how good it felt, and how eager they both were to prioritize pleasure over everything else, they still had a job they needed to take into consideration.

Twitter kept bringing up just for how long they had been gone, their fans missing them despite the podcasts and spaces. Pre-recorded videos with George in them and late night conversations with just Dream talking weren't exactly what the stans were hoping for. It was better than nothing, but it wasn't enough.

Being so close to the dates he himself had announced as the 'danger zone' for the meetup, people were more eager and more prone to believe their silence was a sign. Clay understood that quite well. And that was the reason why George streamed in the first place. Because they couldn't completely disappear just yet, not when they were so close to the moment that they had been waiting for months, if not forever.

They needed to take care of their jobs and give people just a little bit more content, before actually disappearing for a couple weeks. Their routines would change again soon, because George would be there in America with him soon. And although they would post stuff about the meetup once it happened, for the most part after that, they would take a 'small' break to enjoy the moment and only give people more pre-recorded things.

So, in order to be selfish later and gatekeep each other, they needed to work a little now. And they knew one stream wouldn't be enough to keep their fans satisfied, so joining some of their friends' was a must. Or that's what Clay had decided they should do, anyways.

A decision that was made based only on their fans best interest, and not at all on the fact that the closer they got to being together in person the more he kept thinking '*so what's next?*'

The gray area was comfortable and the changes in their relationship had been welcomed, but he

couldn't say that he wasn't worried that indulging so much could end up backfiring. That wouldn't stop him from still giving in, though. As stated, he would keep doing it while he could. But having something else to keep them occupied here and there was probably good too.

The blond leaned against his chair, a soft yawn escaping his lips. His friends' screams and loud words resonated through his speakers, but he was so used to it that they didn't stop him from getting sleepy anymore. He wasn't sure who was streaming, and he had long stopped paying attention to whatever game they were playing now, keeping himself muted for the most part, but he still stayed on the call so his name would appear on the screen.

He wanted to help his friends, even if just with his presence.

"That's not even true!" His eyes fixed on his monitor the second he heard the familiar voice. "Dream, tell them. Tell them that it isn't true and I'm right."

A dumb smile was quick to appear on the American's face, a bubbly feeling on his stomach forming too to the Brit asking for his help.

Well, maybe helping his friends wasn't the only reason he stayed on the call.

"Yeah, he's right," he mumbled as soon as he unmuted, as if he had any idea of what the conversation was about.

George seemed pleased with his answer. The rest, though, not so much.

"Of course he's gonna take your side," he heard someone complain. "The man is *whipped*."

A few giggles followed the statement, Clay simply scoffing before muting himself again. He wouldn't say he's whipped per se, he just... Was more prone to do things when it was the brunet who asked.

It wasn't that he couldn't say no to him. He just, preferred not to say no.

The Brit's obstreperous laugh was quick to steal his attention again, another smile forming as he listened to the boy's celebration for whatever he had just done. The blond couldn't help but chuckle too, despite not knowing what was going on, and despite not being heard. He rested his cheek on his hand, arm already placed on his desk from before, his head tilting slightly and his smile only growing bigger with every word that escaped the brunet's lips.

George's voice was one of his favorite sounds. Clay couldn't be blamed for focusing on the call only when he was the one talking.

The boy was one of his favorite people. He couldn't be blamed for the way his chest felt warmer when he was around him.

Clay wasn't whipped, not exactly. But he could admit that sometimes, just sometimes, George made him act like a high schooler with a crush.

... Well, maybe that wasn't so far off.

The blond continued to mindlessly listen to the stream, paying attention on and off and checking social media in the meanwhile. He let the minutes go by, still not really participating and only giving his input when it was needed. That, until one sentence caught his attention and forced him to focus on the call again, making it very clear that the previous topic of conversation had been drastically changed.

"I'm just saying, what's the point of dildos when vibrators exist? I mean, with dildos you have to do all the job, but vibrators do it for you."

"Oh, you seem so sure about it. Do you know from experience or...?"

Laughter instantly filled his ears, a few teasing words being mumbled in between. George's laugh was particularly loud to him, or maybe he was too good at distinguishing it.

Clay blinked once, then twice. What the fuck were they even talking about now?

He quickly unmuted his mic, ready to ask them *what the hell was wrong with them*, because maybe sexual jokes and innuendos were a little too common on their livestreams, but he had a feeling that talking about sex toys would get them some criticism.

If it was directed to him, he wouldn't care. He was used to getting hate for everything and anything. But when it came to his friends, he always tried to at least make sure they knew what possible consequences their actions could bring them.

Before he could say anything, though, the first voice was quick to talk again.

"Fuck off, all of you. And shut the fuck up George, you're the last person that can laugh here," the boy accused. "You're the one here who likes to put stuff up your ass."

Their laughter only got worse with that, louder and more over the top. This time, though, the brunet didn't join them, scoffing in response instead. The blond muted himself again, despite not having said anything. He looked at his screen, staring directly at the Brit's icon for a couple seconds.

Soon enough the topic died down, and soon after everyone was saying their goodbyes before ending the stream. The group stayed on the call for a little longer, discussing future plans and simply joking around without the pressure of a public, but Clay still stayed just as quiet, thinking.

After an hour or so, they eventually hang up. And the minute the call was over, he heard a quiet ping on his phone, making him pick up the device to check his messages. His lips curved up in a smile, seeing the single text and who it was from. '*Hi,*' was all it said. But it was enough to get him to call his best friend.

George answered right away, instantly mumbling a 'hold on' before seemingly placing his phone down. The blond was used enough to their phone calls to know that the brunet was probably changing into his sleeping clothes and getting ready for bed. So, he decided to do the same.

It only took him a few minutes before they were laying down, the Brit letting out a soft yawn as he got comfortable on his bed. Silence fell over them after, the boy seemingly too tired to start a conversation and Clay still deep into his own thoughts.

It was stupid, to still be thinking about it. It was stupid, to even let the thought cross his mind in the first place. But he couldn't help it. He couldn't help but wonder.

He didn't deny it. He didn't even *try* to deny it. George always had some sort of comeback for those kinds of things yet this time, he kept quiet. So he couldn't help but wonder.

The silence remained for a while longer, too familiar with each other to question the lack of words. Half of the time during their calls they didn't talk, because as long as they had each other's company it didn't matter that much if they were having a conversation or each of them doing their own thing. However, eventually, the blond couldn't take it anymore.

It was none of his business, really. But he *needed* to know.

“George,” he mumbled, voice sounding raspy after being quiet for so long. The Brit hummed in response, confirming he was still awake and listening. The American doubted for a second, unsure if he should be asking that question, but after a few seconds and a deep breath, he finally let it out. “Have you ever done more than just jerking off?”

Quiet. The boy in the other line stayed quiet. Clay felt anxiety pooling on his stomach, ready to talk again to justify his words. Before he could, though, George finally spoke.

“What?” The brunet let out, a hint of disbelief in his voice. “Dream, are you asking if I’m a *virgin*?” He questioned.

The blond blinked a few times. Then, heat pooled on his cheeks.

“What? No, that’s-” He nervously laughed, realizing how his sentence had sounded with the way he worded it. “I know you’re not, that’s- that’s not what I meant.”

The boy got quiet again, seemingly accepting his words yet still not answering the question. It took the American a moment to realize that he was waiting for him to explain, still not knowing the meaning of what he asked. He cleared his throat, taking him a second to figure out how to say it.

“Have you ever, like...” He trailed off, cheeks heating up even more. “Have you actually, you know?”

“I don’t think I know,” his friend instantly responded. “Have I actually what?”

Clay let out a quiet groan, embarrassment hitting him and making him self-conscious about what he wanted to know. He almost wanted to drop the topic, say never mind and move on, but he knew that he would keep thinking about it unless he said something.

“You know,” he repeated, dumbly. But before the brunet could give him any kind of snarky response, he hurried to finish his sentence. “Put... Put something up your ass.”

Once again, the phone went quiet. Then, he heard the boy scoff.

“What?” He let out. “Why are you asking that?” He questioned next, tone almost accusatory. “You’re so weird.”

“M not weird,” the blond instantly defended, despite a part of him thinking that his friend was right. He wouldn’t say that, though, he needed to save his pride. “It’s- it’s a legitimate question.”

“How is it a legitimate-”

“Come on, George, you didn’t deny it earlier,” he interrupted, trying to convince both the brunet and himself that he was in the right for wanting to know such a thing. “Of course I’m gonna be curious about it,” he added, for extra measure. “Can’t I just be curious?”

For a moment, there was no answer. No sound was heard from the other line, not even the boy’s breathing to let him know he was still there. But he knew he was, he knew he wouldn’t leave after that. He knew all of George’s silences, so he knew this one was different from the previous ones.

After a heartbeat or two, the boy finally replied.

“I guess,” he mumbled. And that was all the blond needed to know that the brunet wasn’t opposed

to answering him.

With that in mind, he pressed further.

“So?” He let out. “Have you?”

“Why do you wanna know?” The Brit instantly questioned back.

“*George*,” the American groaned, growing impatient and not wanting to have to explain the obvious. “I told you, I’m curious,” he decided to say, instead of the other reasons why that they both knew too well. He pouted next, despite knowing the boy couldn’t see him. “Please, tell me?”

The brunet sighed to his words, then groaned as well.

“Fine,” he let out in defeat. Then, finally an answer. “I have.”

“Oh.”

Just like that, Clay realized he had made a miscalculation. He weighed how much not knowing would mess with his mind and keep him overthinking, but he didn’t consider how knowing would affect him.

Heat pooled in his stomach, a tingling sensation on his skin.

Fuck.

“Do you... Do you do it often?” He couldn’t stop himself from asking.

“Sometimes.”

A deep breath. He swallowed hard.

“What do you use?” He asked next. “Do you have toys or...”

“Dream.”

“Sorry,” the blond was quick to let out, hearing the warning in his friend’s voice. He cleared his throat, shifting in his spot.

Okay, he wouldn’t go down that road. He didn’t need all the details, all the specifics, he didn’t need to intrude. It didn’t concern him, it was the boy’s privacy. However, there was something else he wanted to explore, something that *did* concern him.

“But, um...” He mumbled, clearing his throat again. “Have you done that while we...”

“No,” the Brit was quick to answer. The American felt a pang of disappointment.

Clay bit his lips, a thought formulating on his brain. Or maybe it had been there for a while, ever since he first heard the accusation and noticed the lack of fighting back. Maybe this was always what he wanted to get to, maybe this was he wanted from the start. He hesitated for just a second, unsure if this was where his friend’s comfort zone ended, before deciding that fuck it, he wouldn’t know unless he asked. You miss all of the shots that you don’t take.

*Here goes nothing.*

“Well, would you?” He questioned, false confidence in his voice.



“What?” The boy said right away. “Why would I-”

“I kinda wanna hear it,” he answered before his friend could even finish his question.

“You wanna hear that,” George repeated, a tint of caution in his tone. The blond hummed in response, as if to confirm it. “You wanna hear me fucking myself?” The brunet questioned next. Blunt, straight to the point. Clay took a sharp breath, heart rate increasing at the wording and heat pooling in his stomach again. He let out a breathy laugh, not wanting to sound too eager as he answered, despite that being exactly how he was feeling.

“Yeah,” he whispered. “God, yeah.” He failed at hiding his excitement.

“I... Don’t wanna get up to get my toys,” the brunet mumbled, hesitant. And the blond could only feel warmer, taking another sharp breath.

Fuck. He wasn’t even sure what was hotter, if the admission that he *did* have toys after all, or the implications that he was willing to do what he asked *right now* for him.

He wasn’t about to lose that chance.

“Well, what about...” He trailed off.

“What about?” The boy questioned.

“You can use your fingers, right?”

Silence. For just a moment, his friend went quiet. So just for a moment, Clay got nervous again. But then, and suddenly sounding shyer than he’s ever heard him, George spoke again.

“Yeah, okay.”

He heard the brunet moving right after, the sound of his drawer being open following right after, then the boy got comfortable on his bed again. The rustle of clothes was next, and a nervous breath that made the blond feel hot all over. Then, some kind of wet sound.

“What are you doing?” Clay asked right away. George scoffed at his words.

“Seriously? You *know* what I’m doing, you literally told me to-”

“Yeah, but... I don’t know *exactly* what you’re doing,” the American was quick to defend himself. “I don’t know how you do it, or like, the specifics,” he added. Then, he made yet another request, as if the previous one wasn’t enough. “Talk me through it, explain it to me.”

The Brit took a deep breath, mumbling something to himself that the blond wasn’t able to hear. Yet despite not knowing what words he said, his embarrassment was quite clear in the tone.

“I’m... The lube, I’m just...” The boy mumbled, his words getting quieter at the end.

“Right.”

“Now I’m...” A pause, another deep breath. “‘M gonna push one finger.”

Now, it was his time to take a sharp intake. He was barely able to let out a quiet ‘okay’, all of his senses focused on the distant wet noise that let him know the boy was true to his words. A soft whine was next, a few sighs following it. Clay shifted on his spot, chest feeling tight and heart beating fast, letting one hand move down to the growing bulge in his pants.

“Does it feel good?” He whispered, hearing the small sounds turn from strained to pleased.

“*Yeah.*” George’s voice was already breathy, seemingly moving his finger faster if what he was hearing was anything to go by. “I’m... Gonna add another.”

“Be careful,” the blond let out, dumbly, palming himself through his jeans. “Don’t... Don’t hurt yourself.”

“I know what I’m doing.” The brunet scoffed.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” the boy breathed out, another whine coming out of his mouth as he pushed the second finger inside of himself. “M good at it,” he assured, the moan that escaped him further confirming his own words.

Clay couldn’t help but groan to the sound, quickly unbuttoning his jeans and slipping a hand inside to touch his hardening member directly.

“*Fuck,*” he whispered, wrapping his fingers around his dick and starting to stroke it right away. “How many... How many fingers do you normally...?”

“Three.” A quick answer, between panting and more soft sounds. “Some- Sometimes four, if I’m gonna use my toys.”

A shiver ran down the blond’s spine right away, a strangled moan coming out as he moved his hand faster to the thought.

“*Four?*” He let out, his breathing getting uneven. “Jesus fuck, George.” *Greedy.* The brunet was greedy. Always wanting more, never having enough.

“Some toys are just... I just have to use more,” the boy excused, struggling to get all his words out. “I have slim fingers.”

A breathy chuckle, almost feeling amused. Then, prideful words.

“Mine are bigger.”

The call went quiet.

All sounds suddenly ceased. He stopped moving his hand.

Realization hit him right away, eyes widening to his own words and the implications behind them.

Shit. *Shit.*

Despite everything they had done, and despite how vocal they had been about liking what the other was doing, they had *never* gone beyond praising and teasing. It was ‘I’m doing this’ and ‘you’re doing that’, never including themselves in each other’s actions.

*This* was way more interactive than they had been so far. *This* was another line he had just crossed.

The silence was heavy. He fucked up. Panic flooded him full, desperately trying to come up with something to get himself out of the hole he just dug. He was too far deep, he said too much. It was an admission, in a way. One he wasn’t supposed to make.

“I-”

“Bigger?” The boy spoke again before he could say anything, the wet sound of fingers moving filling his ears again. “You think you could... Fuck, could stretch me enough with less than four?”

Holy fuck. Holy *shit*.

Okay. *Okay*.

“Yeah,” the words left his mouth without permission. “Could reach deeper, too.”

George moaned to his words. He *moaned*. Clay felt his head spinning, groaning in response.

He was stroking his dick again before he could even think.

He wasn't even able to feel relief that the brunet didn't react badly, fire consuming his whole self and pleasure instantly taking over his brain.

“I could prep you better than you can yourself,” he continued. If he was going to fall, he would fall fast and hard. “But not for your toys.”

“No?” The Brit questioned, breathing heavily as he seemingly moved his fingers faster. “What... What for, then?”

“For me,” he instantly let out. “So you can take me.”

“*Dream*,” the boy whined in response, beautiful whimpers leaving his mouth.

“I would fill you up *so* good,” the blond whispered, quickly pushing his pants down with one hand to move the other one freely, stroking himself faster now. “You would like that, wouldn't you?”

“*Yeah*.”

“Say it,” he demanded. “Tell me you'd like it. Tell- Tell me what you want.” George whined in response, embarrassment evident in the sound. “Tell me,” he pressed.

“Would- would like it so much,” the brunet finally mumbled. Clay groaned with pleasure, tightening the grip on his dick and working on himself harder. “Want you inside.”

“*Shit*.” The blond threw his head back, panting rapidly and letting out sounds of his own, tension already building in his lower abdomen. “*Fuck*, George.”

“Feels so good,” the boy whispered between pleased sighs. “You'd feel better.”

“Yeah, would make you feel so good baby,” he instantly agreed, hips thrusting into his own hand desperately. “Would fuck you so well, leave you begging until you can only remember my name.”

“*Dream*.”

“Just like that,” he groaned. “God, I love it when you say my name,” he let out next. “And your sounds, I like all of your sounds.” The brunet whined to his words, small whimpers leaving his lips one after another as if he couldn't contain his sounds anymore. The blond took a deep breath, moving his hand faster. “I like your voice, and- and your face. God, I like it all, George. I like all of you.”

“All?” The boy questioned between heavy breaths and delicate moans.

“Yeah,” he confirmed, mind clouded and heart feeling warm. He liked it all, he liked it too much. He liked it so much he was the only thing he could think of most of the time. George, his mind was always full of George. “I like all of you. And... And just, you.”

*I like you, I like you, I like you.*

“Dream.” A softer whisper, a more vulnerable one. As if he could read his thoughts, as if he could read between lines.

He probably could. He knew him too well not to.

“George,” he breathed out. “I want you so bad.” A sharp breath, struggling to focus enough to talk. “Wanna make you mine,” he whispered. “Mark you up, fuck you so good you never want anyone else. I- I want you for myself, yeah? Only mine.”

“Dream, I’m-”

“Say it, George,” he demanded.

*Want me.*

*Want me like I want you.*

“Only yours,” the boy whispered, voice strangled and filled with pleasure. Pleasure and something warmer, gentler, more honest. Something that resembled what he himself was showing with every single one of his words. “Want you... Need you.”

Clay could barely breathe. He could barely think. He kept moving his hand, harshly, faster, seeking pleasure and wanting to please too. He needed him too. He needed him in more than one way.

He felt so much. He felt so much for him. His heart was full of feelings that only belonged to him.

“Please,” the boy begged, desperation in his voice. “Need to cum, Dream, I-”

“Together,” he let out right away. “Together, yeah?”

Pleased sounds was the only response that he got, but that was more than enough. One stroke, another one. A loud moan on his phone, and then, he was moaning too.

His mind went blank, his whole body shook. The most intense pleasure he has ever felt flooded him, every single orgasm with the boy being more intense than the last one. With George, that was always how it was. They always pushed each other to go beyond, to want more, to get more.

For a moment, the call was filled with nothing but uneven breathing, both trying to calm down. They stayed like that for a while, in complete silence and simply trying to recover from what had just happened. But after a few minutes, once his mind was clear enough, Clay dared to speak again.

“Good?” He asked, his brain needing the confirmation after all that.

“Yeah,” the boy mumbled in response, still sounding slightly out of breath.

“Was that... Was that okay?”

“Yeah,” he said again. The blond hummed in response. Then, they were quiet again.

God, he was tired. He wanted nothing more but to sleep now, to get some rest after all the intensity he just experienced.

Fuck, it was hot. He could already tell he would never get over it.

"You're turning your camera on next time," he whispered, a soft yawn following his words. But then, right after saying it, his insecure brain made him question his own words.

He couldn't just assume there would be a next time. No matter how much George seemed to be into it and enjoy what they did, he still couldn't assume.

"Is that... Is that okay?" He asked, just to confirm and calm himself. "I mean- Can we do that again?"

The brunet snorted to his words, letting out a soft chuckle after, sounding amused by the question. The blond felt his cheeks growing warmer, suddenly feeling embarrassed.

Okay, maybe it was stupid to overthink it at that point. But George knew how his mind worked, and so, he still gave him the confirmation that he needed no matter how unnecessary.

"Yes, Dream," the boy mumbled. "You can fuck me again."

The room was submerged in almost complete darkness, only his computer screen providing some lighting. His chest moved up and down as he breathed, lips wet with saliva and cheeks slightly pink.

"Like what you see?" Sultry words resonated through his headphones, a sly grin accompanying them. Cocky. Certain of what the answer to that question was. George's confidence was lustful.

A sharp breath, a breathy chuckle. The tip of his dick leaked over his stomach, hard as a rock and with his underwear already halfway down.

"Yeah," he breathed out, his thumb barely running over the head of his member, collecting precum, before working on removing that last piece of clothing he still had on. "You know I do," he added, then. "You've *seen* how much I like it."

The boy on his screen hummed at his words, licking his lips. His fingertips grazed at his nipples, exposed chest moving unevenly with the way he was breathing.

"Can't believe I saw your dick before I saw your face," his friend mumbled, moving back on his chair to give the blond a better view of the rest of his body. Clay couldn't help but groan, wrapping a hand around his dick. God, he was hot. He was way too hot.

"*Technically* you didn't see it... I mean, not fully anyway," the American said in response, trying to play it cool. "I *partially* had my boxers on when I took the-"

"Still," the Brit interrupted, seemingly growing impatient. "I can already tell you're big," he added, then reached for something off screen.

"Yeah, I am," the blond agreed, nodding despite not being seen. "Bigger than whatever you've had."

George scoffed at his words, rolling his eyes. He placed the dildo in front of himself then, getting

his lube and pouring it on one of his hands, before carefully applying it to the toy.

"You're so full of yourself," he mumbled. Clay let out an amused laugh, then moved closer to the mic.

"You're gonna be full of me too really soon," he whispered, and he didn't miss the way the brunet's cheeks grew redder.

God, he loved that. He loved how despite everything; all the dirty words and filthy video calls; he could still make the boy flustered. He could turn him on just as easily, too. But that could also be said the other way around.

It wasn't the first time he's watched the brunet please himself, yet watching him push himself down the dildo was still just as exciting as the first time. The way he bit his lips as the toy made its way inside him, the sighs he let out as he adjusted to the feeling, the skilled way he moved his hips to get the pleasure that he needed.

God, he loved it all.

He would love it more if his *'friend'* was riding him instead, but that was beside the point.

George looked so pretty. Ethereal, worthy of worship. Flushed cheeks, parted lips, bouncing on the fake dick as if it was his job to do so. It was elegant, delicate, and graceful. Yet so fucking dirty. Clay couldn't help but move his hand, stroking himself up and down slowly, trying to match the boy's pace so they could be in sync.

"You're—" A moan cut the brunet's words, moving his hips to fuck himself with the toy. "You're putting on a show for me next time," he mumbled after a second, struggling to get all his words. "M tired of- of always doing all the work."

The blond let out an amused chuckle, raising an eyebrow with interest written on his face. Not like the boy could see it.

"You wanna watch me jerk off?" He questioned, the idea sounding a little too appealing, more than it probably should.

"Not exactly." George shook his head, wrapping a hand around his neglected dick as he continued to bounce on the fake one. "I wanna- The pillows, I wanna watch what you do with them."

Clay blinked once, then twice.

Blood rushed to his cheeks, an embarrassed groan leaving his mouth right away.

"You're never gonna let that go, are you?" He whined, ashamed of what his past self had decided to share. The brunet hummed to his words, shrugging on his screen.

"That's not... I wasn't kidding," the Brit mumbled, then shrugged again. "I just, I dunno. I thought it might be hot."

"Hot?" The American questioned, voice tinted with disbelief.

"Mhm." George nodded once before closing his eyes, letting out a soft sound and moving his hand faster to whatever mental image he was seeing. "To watch you, and... And wonder if that's how you would fuck me."

Just like that, a shiver ran down his spine, heat spreading through his body. He let out a pleased sigh of his own, speeding the movements of his hand as well.

Yeah, okay. That would be hot, his *friend* was right.

“I would fuck you better,” he instantly whispered, moving closer to his computer. His eyes followed the brunet’s every move, watching his hips move, his pretty ass bouncing with expertise. “Better than I fuck the pillows, better than you fuck yourself.”

“‘M good at that, though.” The reply was almost instant, a teasing smile appearing on the Brit’s face as he picked up his pace. “I have- *Fuck*, I have good toys.”

“My dick is better,” the blond fought back. “Bigger too.”

A breathy laugh escaped George’s lips, a quiet ‘yeah’ being mumbled between small whines and whimpers. Clay watched with interest the way the boy closed his eyes and his legs trembled whenever he hit the spot that he liked.

“God, can’t wait to show you how good I can make you feel,” he let out, stroking himself faster and panting between words. “Wanna please you like you deserve, make you cum just from my dick.”

“*Dream.*” The brunet’s moans were music to his ears.

“You have no idea how much I want it,” he whispered, hips thrusting into his own fist. “How much I want *you*.” The Brit moaned again to his words, clearly into the idea. “Wanna take care of you, and touch your pretty cock, so small-”

“It’s not *small*, ” the boy instantly interrupted. Clay smirked in response.

“It is for me, it will be in my hand,” he instantly said. “I could wrap my whole hand around it,” he added, letting out a soft sound after. Just imagining it was enough to make him shiver with excitement. “Everything about you is so small, I want to- I want to hold you so bad.”

The boy whined to his words, his name falling from his lips again as he moved his hips faster. He breathed heavily, his hand desperately trying to match the rhythm he himself had set. The blond matched him too, tension already building inside him.

“Wanna hold you, and touch you. Wanna touch you *everywhere*, ” he whispered, getting another whine in response. “Wanna feel you up with my hands, and- and my lips.”

“*Dream,*” the brunet moaned again, his movements getting sloppy. Clay knew his body well enough already to know he was getting close. “I-”

“Wanna kiss your thighs, and your belly, and your chest,” he breathed out. “Your cheeks, too, and your forehead, and... And your lips. *God*, I love your lips.” A soft laugh escaped his mouth, too submerged in his own pleasure to feel embarrassed of his admission.

A new confession, another secret thought that he was now sharing.

“Wanna kiss you stupid until your lips are red and swollen.”

George threw his head back, a louder sound escaping him. He moved almost erratically, trying and failing to talk a couple times before he was able to speak.

“I’m gonna- Dream, I’m gonna cum-”

“I love your face, I love- I love your body, and your- your sounds,” the blond continued, unable to stop himself and all the praise he wanted to give him. “All of it, I love *all* of you, I- *Fuck*, I love you.”

George’s legs trembled once more, a series of whispered ‘fuck’s and ‘oh god’s mixed with loud moans of ‘Dream’, all the beautiful sounds escaping him as his body was filled with pleasure and he finally reached his orgasm. Watching his lover cum all over his fist and stomach was enough to throw him off the edge as well, a guttural noise coming out as he thrust into his hand one more time.

He kept moving his hand as he rode off his orgasm, then slowly came to a stop. His chest moved heavily with the effort of breathing, taking a few seconds to calm down and simply watch as the boy tiredly worked on taking the toy out and sloppily cleaned himself. The blond cleaned himself as well. They stayed like that for a couple more moments, silent and trying to recover, until the brunet glanced at him one more time then he ended the video call. His phone rang right after, just like it did every time after they were done fucking, and the blond picked up instantly.

He carefully stood up and walked to his bed, quietly putting his pajama pants on before getting on it, and heard as the boy did the same. Then, all sounds ceased again, only their breathing resonating through their phones. He was tired. George was even more. They usually were after having sex.

Clay closed his eyes, not wanting to sleep just yet but wanting to relax. And the silence prolonged for a few more minutes, until a careful voice broke it again.

“Dream,” the Brit whispered, sounding weirdly shy all of the sudden. “Did you... Did you mean that?”

Green eyes opened again, brows burrowing with confusion. He shifted to his side, getting into a more comfortable position.

“Did I mean what?” He asked.

No response was offered, the call going quiet again. The blond glanced at his phone, making sure he hadn’t accidentally hung up. Then, he noticed something.

September 19th. It was already Monday.

“Did you finish packing yet?” He instantly asked, putting his phone down again. He heard the boy scoff in the other line, and he could almost see him rolling his eyes as well.

“You know they haven’t contacted me yet-”

“They will,” the blond was quick to interrupt. “They will this week, I’m sure,” he added, sounding certain. “So you need to get everything ready, to speed the process.”

“You say that every week,” the boy accused.

“And every time I’m closer to being right.”

He really, truly, believed that. They were supposed to get the official answer at any minute now, so his words had more weight than ever.

George stayed quiet for a moment, seemingly hesitating before speaking again, in barely a whisper.



"So... What if I get it this week?" The Brit asked, with a new kind of uncertainty that the American wasn't used to.

"Then I'm buying you a plane ticket, and then you come here," he said in response. Easy, simple.

"And then?" The brunet questioned next. "What if I get there like, this Friday or something?"

"Then I go pick you up, and I bring you home, and we live together forever like we planned," the blond affirmed, words that he had said a few times before. Yet he could tell by the boy's silence that this time, that wouldn't be enough.

Was that answer enough for him as well at this point?

A lot had changed in the last week. A lot had evolved. *'Like we planned'* wasn't going to cut it now.

"And..." He began to speak again, quiet but firmly. "And we'll do everything that we do now, but in person," he decided to say. Explicit reassurance, an implicit promise.

*"Everything?"* George instantly questioned, and that was enough for Clay to know for sure where his thoughts were heading.

"Yeah," he assured again. Because he meant it, he meant everything that he had said, each time.

"So we're gonna... Play minecraft together, but in person?" The brunet asked, caution in his voice.

"Yeah," he mumbled in response, nodding to himself. "Probably from our own rooms, but yeah."

"And we're gonna watch our shows...?"

"In the living room, yeah," the blond answered before the boy could finish his sentence. "Or in our rooms if we're too lazy to go downstairs."

"Okay," The Brit mumbled, yet he still sounded uncertain. "And... You're gonna edit my videos, but in person too."

"I'm *not* gonna edit your videos, George," he said right away, a soft chuckle escaping him right after. He shook his head with amusement. "But I can sit with you while you edit, and talk to you and stuff," he added then, smiling softly at the thought. "And we'll talk all day, until we're too tired to keep talking, but, you know, face to face."

"And then we'll call from our rooms to sleep...?" The question came right away. As if he had been expecting him to say what he said, so he could ask what he asked.

Clay hummed, debating for just a second how he wanted to reply.

"Yeah, exactly," he decided to mumble, with a teasing tone. "We're gonna hang out in my room until you get sleepy, and then you'll go to your room and you'll call me," he joked, hearing the boy huff at his words. He couldn't help but smirk, finding the reaction somewhat cute. "Well, I mean, we *could* do that. Or..."

"Or?" George instantly questioned.

"Or you stay in my room, with me, and we sleep here."

Silence again. Nothing but his heart beating loudly. Anxiety pooled in his stomach, but he kept his

faked confidence. The blond knew his friend was aware of where he wanted that offer to go, and he also knew that it was exactly what the brunet had hoped he would get them to.

"Like..." The boy's voice resonated in his ears again. "Like, both at the same time?"

"Yeah," he was quick to answer, nodding to himself again. He pushed his fears aside, and crossed the line further. "Together."

"And..."

"And when you get horny, you can come to my room too," he finally said, exposing both of their thoughts. "Or I'll go to yours," he added then, taking a deep breath. "And we'll do everything that we've been saying that we want to do."

"Dream," the boy whispered, sounding slightly choked up.

"I'll hold you like I said, and... And make you feel good, if you want me to," the blond mumbled, heart still racing. "Bet your pretty little sounds must sound even better in person. And- And your face, God, your face." A breathy chuckle, the brunet breathing sharply in response. "Feeling your skin, against mine, hearing your unsteady breathing... I could-"

"Dream," the Brit was quick to cut him off. "You're turning me on again," he mumbled, embarrassment tinting his voice.

Clay couldn't help but smirk, humming with amusement.

"Yeah?"

"Shut up."

A soft laugh escaped him to that reaction, shaking his head next. And then, they were quiet once again. But this time, it was more comfortable, no tension remaining over unspoken words.

The blond closed his eyes again, relaxing on his bed. The silence continued for a while, until he could barely keep himself awake anymore. He was tired, they both were, and probably needed to sleep. He yawned, getting comfortable and ready to call it a day.

"You're gonna like it here," he whispered, as if to put an end to a topic that they had already dropped.

"Yeah." He got in response, George sounding just as sleepy as he himself did. Clay hummed, nodding for no particular reason, while hugging the pillow by his side to replace the warm body that he wanted to hold; and he would hold, soon. Then, three final words before falling asleep.

"I love you."

Many times, he had said that sentence many times. Throughout their relationship, ever since the beginning of their friendship, it was countless just how much those words had left his mouth. And he would continue to say it, over and over again.

He always meant them in one way, in the only way he was allowed to or so he thought. Now, though, he was saying it with more than one meaning.

He couldn't wait to say it in even more ways, to give it all the meanings those words could possibly have. He couldn't wait to say it in person, looking at the boy's face, right before kissing

his lips, and then make love to him to further prove it. He couldn't wait to have the brunet there, with him, right by his side, and learn all the things George and him both could do without distance as a barrier.

He wanted to do it all. At the same time, and together.

## Chapter End Notes

the end.

oh my god guys you have no idea how nervous i was about posting this ahaha i really hope you liked it!! since this was the prompt you guys chose, i tried to make it as good as possible :] twitter knows that i havent been the best laterly, bc of health stuff and not important things, but i still tried my best to deliver a good ending to this fic. i really hope i made it work ahah

anyways, thank you so much for all the comments, kudos, and support in general <3 i appreciate all of you tons

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